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Malone. B. 57.

THE
INVADER of His Country:

OR,

The Fatal Resentment.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. DENNIS.

L O N D O N :

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TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS,

DUKE of Newcastle,

*Lord Chamberlain of His MAJESTY'S
Household, one of His MAJESTY'S most
Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight
of the most Noble Order of the Garter.*

My LORD,



Take the Liberty to Dedicate to Your GRACE *The Invader of his Country*, which is the *Coriolanus* of *Shakespear* alter'd by me. And I have presum'd to do this without asking Your Leave, because this is a Dedication of an extraordinary Nature, and an Application to Your GRACE for Justice, in a Cause that is determinable by Your GRACE alone, by vertue of Your Office; as all Causes of the like Nature, ever since I

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could

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could remember, have been decided in the last Appeal by Your GRACE's Predecessors.

My LORD, *Coriolanus* throws himself at Your GRACE's Feet, in order to obtain Justice of You, after having received as injurious Treatment from the petulant Deportment of two or three Insolent Players, as ever he formerly did at *Rome* from the Brutal Rage of the Rabble. He has been banish'd from our Theatre by the one, thro' a mistaken Greediness of Gain, as the other formerly expell'd him from *Rome* thro' a groundless Jealousy of Power.

My LORD, when I tell the World that *Coriolanus* has been unjustly banish'd from our Theatre by two or three Insolent Players, I am sure all those will be apt to believe me, who will reflect with Indignation and Disdain, that that *Roman* is not the first Nobleman whom they have audaciously dar'd to exclude from thence. And I hope this provoking Reflection will oblige Your GRACE to vindicate Your own just Right, and the Crown's undoubted Prerogative.

If the Concern which I have in this Cause were the only thing in Question, I should make a Conscience of giving Your GRACE any Trouble about it. But, my LORD, 'tis a Cause of far more extensive and more important Consequence. 'Tis the noble Cause of Your Country, in which Your GRACE has been so Active and so Successful, and in which this Play was alter'd; 'tis the Cause of Dramatick Poetry, the Cause of the *British* Muses, and of all those whom They vouchsafe to inspire. 'Tis Your GRACE who is to determine whether these shall Flourish for the future, and do Honour to *Great Britain*, and consequently to augment, in some measure, the
the

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the Interest and Power of Your Country; or whether the best Professors of the noblest Art, and the Art it self, must die. 'Tis Your GRACE who is to determine, whether Gentlemen who have great Capacities, who have had the most generous Education, who have all their Lives had the best and the noblest Designs for the Service of their Country, and the Instruction of Mankind, shall have their worthy Labours supported and render'd effectual to the great Ends for which they intended them; or whether they must all be sacrific'd to two or three Insolent Actors, who have no Capacity, who have had no Education, who have not the least Concern for their Country, who have nothing in their Heads or in their Hearts but low Thoughts, and sordid Designs; and yet at the same time have so much Pride, and so much insupportable Insolence, as to dare to fly in the Face of the greatest Persons in *England*.

I will now lay the Matter of Fact before Your GRACE, by which I believe you will very easily Discern, that there was a Conspiracy from the beginning, between the three Members of this separate Ministry, as they are pleas'd to call themselves, for the Destruction of this Play. They were engag'd to Act it the last Winter by their Words solemnly given, and the acting of it then had been most seasonable, when the Nation was in the uneasy Expectation of a Double Invasion from *Sweden* on the *North*, and from *Spain* on the *West* of *England*. Instead of keeping their Words with me; they Postpon'd a Play, that was writ in the Cause of their Country, in the Cause of their Sovereign,

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whose

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whose Servants as well as Subjects they call themselves, for the most Absurd and Insipid Trifles that ever came upon any Stage. They began the Winter with preaching up Adultery to the Town by the Mouth of a Dramatick Priest: They ended it much after the rate at which they began it, by teaching Ladies how they may Cuckold their Husbands without the Apprehension of a Discovery; as if any License, or any Patent, would bear these People out in Debauching the People, or as if such a Practice were not sufficient to disannul any Patent. My LORD, in the beginning of this Winter they began to rehearse the Play, after they had dispos'd some of the Comick Parts to Persons who were wholly unfit for them; and maim'd two of the principal Tragick Scenes to that Degree, that I could hardly know them. After about five Weeks Rehearsal, the tenth of *November* was fix'd for the Acting the Play. I could not prevail with them to put it off for a Week longer, notwithstanding it was most apparently their Interest more than mine; because there was a daily Expectation of the KING's Arrival. My LORD, when the Tenth of *November* came, these three Religious Persons were, to the wonder of all that heard of it, attack'd with Scruples of Conscience: They were inform'd that it was the Third Day of a Young Author at the other House; and it would be Cruel, it would be Barbarous to have my First Day upon the other's Third. Thus did these good-natur'd Gentlemen take an occasion from a pretended Tenderness to exercise a real Barbarity. My LORD, I was very easily prevail'd

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vail'd with to put off the Play; but little thought, at the same time, that they design'd to put it off for a Day only. I was very much surpriz'd when I found by the Bills, that the Play was to be Acted the very next Day, and that consequently *Friday* was to be my Third Day: Now, My LORD, *Friday* is not only the very worst Day of the Week for an Audience, but this was that particular *Friday*, when a Hundred Persons who design'd to be there, were either gone to meet the KING, or preparing here in Town to do that Duty, which was expected from them at His Arrival.

Thus, My LORD, did these good, human, tender-hearted Managers take an occasion to exercise a real Barbarity upon their old Acquaintance, to whom they and their Stage are more oblig'd than to any Writer in *England*, from a pretended Tenderness to one who is a meer Stranger to them, and from whose Success they could expect nothing but the lessening of their Gain. My LORD, the Play was Acted on *Wednesday* the 11th to an Audience of near a Hundred Pound, for so much they own'd to me. It was favourably received by the Audience. There did some Malice appear twice; but it was immediately drown'd by the utmost Clamours of Applause. On *Thursday* the Play was Acted again to an Audience of between Fifty and Threescore Pounds. And on *Friday* to an Audience of between Sixty and Seventy Pounds. Considering the Disadvantages under which we lay, here were fair hopes for the future. And on *Friday*, after the Play was done, those tender-hearted Managers caus'd another to be given out, to the Astonishment of

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the

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the Audience, the Disappointment of those who had reserv'd themselves for the Sixth Day, and the Retrenching three parts in four of my Profits; and this contrary to an Ancient Rule, which has been always observ'd till now by those who have at any time had the Government of a Playhouse, and that is, never to give over a new Play which is favourably received by an Audience as long as it brings Charges. And, My LORD, nothing can be more reasonable and equitable than the Observation of this Rule. For since the Poet ventures his Interest in his Play, which is sometimes his All; and his Reputation into the bargain, which is his Hope of future Gain, can any thing be more just, than that the Masters or Managers of a Play-house should venture their Gain upon a probable prospect of future Profit, the loss of which for two or three Nights they will hardly feel, rather than by laying down a Play abruptly, absolutely ruin the Author, who perhaps has done his part to please.

Now, my LORD, I appeal to Your GRACE, if here was not a fair Prospect of Success for the future: The Play had been acted three Nights together, to a Hundred, to Sixty, and to Seventy Pound. The Play was receiv'd the first Night with Applause: The KING, and the Court, and the Parliament, were all coming to Town. But notwithstanding all our reasonable Expectation, the Managers gave out another Play, insolently declaring, that no Play was worth their Acting any longer than it brings a Hundred Pound. Now, my LORD, they cannot but know that several Plays which have been but indifferently follow'd the first Days, have afterwards

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wards come to be admir'd Plays, and to bring crowded Audiences. The best Play which can be writ by an Author who has not a Cabal, will hardly bring a Hundred Pound upon the second and fourth Nights; and the worst that can be writ by a Poetaster who has a Cabal, may do a great deal more. As long as the publick Taste is so vitiated as it is at present, bad Plays are like to be more crowded than good ones. So that, by their own Declaration, as long as these Persons have the Management of the Play-house, there can be no Improvement of the publick Taste; good Writers are sure to be discourag'd, and the Art of the Drama, in a little time, is certain to be lost; and the Art of Writing is sure to be followed by the Art of Acting. For great Actors are not to be made but by Original Parts; and as 'tis an eternal general Rule, that a Copy has neither the free Spirit nor easy Grace of an Original, so the Copy of a Copy is still more faint, and the several succeeding Copies grow weaker still the further they descend from the Original, till all Life and all Resemblance comes at last to be lost. But if any one happens to object to him, that when a young Man who has a Talent for Acting comes to Act a Part of which he has seen neither the Copying nor Original Actor, that Part is to him an Original one. To him I answer, that most of our Poets having had either the Address or the Weakness, I leave it to Your GRACE to determine which, to write to the Manners and the Talents of some particular Actors, it seems to me to be absolutely impossible, with Submission to Your GRACE's Judgment, that any Actor can become an admirable Original, by Playing a Part which was writ

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writ and design'd for another Man's particular Talent.

Thus have I laid before Your GRACE the Reasons why the Conduct of the present Managers must destroy the very Species of Dramatick Poets and Players. And these Reasons, which I hope are clear in themselves, are confirm'd by infallible Experience. It being evident from Fact, that all our principal Dramatick Poets and Players have been form'd while our Theatres were under the Lord Chamberlain's Regulation; and that both Writing and Acting have gradually fall'n off, since the Players have pretended to exclude him from his Jurisdiction over them. And, my LORD, 'tis a melancholy thing to consider, that there is not at present in *Great Britain* one promising Genius, or promising Actor, growing up for the Stage.

As every Branch of Poetry in *England* must fall with the Dramatick, there being here no constant visible Encouragement for Poets, but what is deriv'd from the Stage, I appeal to Your GRACE, whether it is worth while, to turn Poetry, which is the noblest, and perhaps the only Original Branch of the *British* Learning, out of the Nation, only to advance the Lucre of three Actors.

Thus, My LORD, have I laid this Cause before Your GRACE; not without flattering myself, that I have fully made it appear to You, that I have been us'd with extream Injustice by the Managers of the Play-house. Before this Play came upon the Stage, it had the Approbation of some of the very best Judges in *England*, who are so, and are universally acknowledged to be so, and who are too exalted

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ted both by their High Stations, and the Greatness of their Minds, to say a thing to me, which they did not think. I have had this Play long enough by me to form as true and as sure a Judgment of it my self, as any one can do, who understands Poetical Matters no better than my self. And as a Man who is oppress'd is allow'd to speak Truth in his own behalf, I humbly conceive, that nothing comparably to it has been produced, at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, since these People had the Management of it, not excepting Mr. *Cibber's Heroick Daughter*, who, for ought I know, may be more Heroick than the Daughter of *Corneille*; but there is this remarkable Difference between them, that *Corneille's* is Beautiful and Spiritual, and Mr. *Cibber's* Ugly and Insipid.

My LORD, I humbly beg Your GRACE'S Pardon, for speaking these few Words in my own behalf, which I do not absolutely despair of obtaining, when I consider that *Cibber* has lately employ'd thirty Pages in his own fulsome Commendation.

My LORD, the Mention of this Player naturally brings me to another thing which Your GRACE is now to determine; and that is, whether this is not only mine, but the Cause of Dramatick Poetry it self, of all the Writers, and of all the Lovers of it: I hope I have made it appear, that all these join with me in this Petition to Your GRACE for a Redress of intollerable Grievances, which none but the KING and Your GRACE can Redress; that we who have scorn'd to be Slaves to our Princes, may be no longer subject to the ridiculous Tyranny of our
own

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own wretched Creatures, our own Tools and Instruments; that They may no longer set up for Judges in their own Cause, which *Englishmen* would never allow to their Kings; that They may no longer usurp a Government, which they have neither Capacity, nor Equity, nor Authority to support, and of which Your GRACE is the Lawful Monarch. How glorious will it be for Your GRACE to Protect and Preserve so noble an Art, and the only reasonable publick Diversion that ever was yet invented! And how much will it endear Your GRACE's Name and Memory to all the Writers and Lovers of Dramatick Poetry, both present and to come! My LORD, as all those Persons will be highly pleased with an Alteration in the Management of the Stage, they certainly expect it from Your GRACE's Beneficence, from Your Love to Your Country, from Your Knowledge and Love of Letters, and from the Greatness of Your Mind. I am,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

John Dennis.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

THE Tragedy we represent to Day
Is but a Grafting upon Shakespear's Play,
In whose Original we may descry,
Where Master-strokes in wild Confusion lye,
Here brought to as much Order as we can
Reduce those Beauties upon Shakespear's Plan;
And from his Plan we dar'd not to depart,
Least Nature should be lost in Quest of Art:
And Art had been attain'd with too much Cost,
Had Shakespear's Beauties in the Search been lost.
As Philomel, whom Heav'n and Phœbus teach,
Has Notes which Birds, that Man instructs, ne'er reach.
" So Shakespear, Fancy's sweetest Child,
" Warbles his Native Wood-Notes wild. Milton.
While ev'ry Note takes the rapt Heroe's Heart,
And ev'ry Note's victorious over Art. }
Then what is ours, to Night, excuse for Shakespear's Part. }
You chiefly, who are truly Britons nam'd,
Whose Breasts are with your Country's Love inflam'd,
Whose martial Toils as long as Time shall live,
Whose Conquests Credit to old Fables give:
Conquests which more renown'd by Age shall grow,
To which ev'n late Posterity shall owe }
The noblest History the World can show; }
You in our just Defence must sure engage,
And shield us from the Storms of Faction's Rage.
In the same Cause in which each Champion fights,
In the same noble Cause our daring Poet writes.
For as when Britain's Rebel Sons of late
Combin'd with Foreign Foes t'invade the State,
She to your Valour and your Conduct owes,
That she subdued and crush'd her num'rous Foes:
We shew, to Night, such Treasons to prevent,
That their Guilt's follow'd by their Punishment,
That Heav'n's the Guardian of our Rightful Cause,
And watches o'er our Sov'reign and our Laws.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

Written by the Author, and intended to be Spoken.

NOW, Sirs, we wait to know if the same Doom
Attends our Heroe here that did at Rome.
By Noise and Uproar he was driven from thence,
While Merit was a poor and weak Defence:
But let him not by those be banish'd hence.
If he was banish'd thence, 'twas against Right,
And done by the mad Rabble's beastly Spight;
If the same Spight his Merit here attends,
Perhaps too here he'll find the chosen few his Friends.
But if these Friends prove weak in his Defence,
And he and Shakespear must be driven hence;
As when he formerly was banish'd Rome,
He led the Volscians on to urge its Doom;
So now he Swears, in his impetuous Rage,
Jack-Puddings, Eunuchs, Tumblers shall engage,
To damn the Muses, and destroy the Stage.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Epilogue which follows was writ by Mr. Cibber, and spoke by Mrs. Oldfield. I never could get a sight of it before it was spoke, and when it was spoke, I heard it at such a distance from Mrs. Oldfield, that I heard it very imperfectly. When I came to read it, I found it to be a wretched Medley of Impudence and Nonsense. As I saw he had made exceeding bold with me, so I found, that like a very honest Gentleman, he had betray'd the Trust repos'd in him, and endeavour'd to give the Audience an ill Impression of the Play. At the latter end of the Epilogue, there is an appearance of Loyalty, which sav'd the whole from the Fate which had otherwise attended it. But 'tis as easy for Mr. Cibber at this time of Day to make a Bounce with his Loyalty, as 'tis for a Bully at Sea, who had lain hid in the Hold all the time of the Fight, to come up and swagger upon the Deck after the Danger is over. I would fain hear of some Proof that he gave of his Zeal for the Protestant Succession, before the King's Accession to the Crown, or some Proof which he has given since by any Action which was not to get him Money, and bring the Court to his Play. I am perfectly satisfied that any Author who brings a Play to Drury-Lane, must, if 'tis a good one, be sacrificed to the Jealousie of this fine Writer, unless he has either a powerful Cabal, or unless he will suffer Mr. Robert Wilks, and make him believe that he is an excellent Tragedian; which would be as Ridiculous and as absurd, as it would be to Compliment a Fellow in a Suit upon his walking on the High Rope, who is only a Tumbler; or as it would be to compliment Mr. Cibber upon his Masterpieces in Tragedies, *Perolla*, and the *Herrick Daughter*, which are as full of Nonsense and False English even as this Epilogue, and are full of Riff, awkward, affected Stuff, and Lines that make as hideous a Noise, as if they were compos'd in an Itinerant Wheel-Barrow.

To end as I began with the Epilogue; if any Reader can tell me the meaning of some Lines in it, *eris mihi magnus Apollo.* EPI-

EPILOGUE, Written by Mr. CIBBER,
Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

OF late, most Authors, when their Plays are done,
Continue to send us prating Women on;
As if our Wise Haranguing could not fail
To appease the Critick, as when under Sail
Ships throw an empty Barrel to a Whale.
But hold——don't thus Affront us?——
That Criticks are like Whales, so fast's but Evil,
But that a Woman is a Barrel——O! the Devil!
O ho! Now at his senseless Wit I partly guess!
Barrels, he thinks, may well our Forms express;
He means, we're like for Sound, and Hoops, and Hollowness:
Sweetly concluding it of course must follow,
The Part of Woman most desir'd, her Heart, is hollow.
And pray, what's Man then, to return his Jest?
Why, when a Woman's well provok'd, a Beast;
For on their wisest Heads, we can clap Horns at least.
Barrels! A fawcy Puppy! senseless Rogue!
'Gad, I've a mind to Damn his Epilogue!
His Play I need not——no; poor wretched Elf!
That Matter's Rag! He's done that Jobb himself.
He has preach'd Morals to wild English Brains,
In stupid Haps, you'll thank him for his Pains.
Who'er from Tragick Scenes Success would see,
Should give your various Tastes Variety;
Instead of Camps and War, Lovers, and Grotts,
To swell the Fair with Sighs and——pretty Thoughts,
(Tho' Criticks must be pleas'd,) he's feasted them with Fables,
Or that his Fancy might no Taste escape,
Have treated Rakes of Pleasure with a Rape;
Or, to secure him Friends, shewn other Sights;
For Whigs, asserted Liberty, and Rights;
Or a Despotick King——for Jacobites.
And then, when things were brought to th' last Confusion,
Have shewn, what honest Men might make their Use on,
What here, all Parties join'd in once——a Revolution.
This could not fail——Nay, some still keep such Pother,
They lik'd the One so well, they want Another!
Why here, for half a Crown, you might have seen
What Madness 'twere to live such Days again.
Had he shewn Laws infring'd, or let you see
The Sweetest of Rhetorical Tyranny,
Or last those Wretches, who, while free, complain
They're robb'd of their Hereditary Chain,
And Pine for Kings——fit only on the Stage to Reign,
You that adore 'em then might here enjoy 'em,
Whilst Men with Harts, like Beasts of Prey amoy 'em.
To shut them hence, let Free-born Souls endeavour
That BRUNSWICK's Line may give us KINGS for Ever.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Caius Martius Coriolanus,
Anfidius,
Menenius,
Cornelius,
Sicinius, } Two Tribunes
Brutus, } of the People.
Lucius Cluentius,
Titus Lartius,
Edile,

1st Citizen, }
 2d Citizen } Of *Coriolanus's*
 3d Citizen, } Party.
 4th Citizen, }
 1st Citizen, } Of *Sempronius's*
 2d Citizen, } Party.
 1st Servant, }
 2d Servant, } To *Anfidius,*
 3d Servant, }

Mr. Booth.
 Mr. Mills.
 Mr. Carey.
 Mr. Thurmond.
 Mr. W. Wilks.
 Mr. Walker.
 Mr. Roman, Sen.
 Mr. Williams.
 Mr. Oates.
 Mr. Bickerstaff.
 Mr. Penkethman.
 Mr. Johnson.
 Mr. Miller.
 Mr. Norris.
 Mr. Cross.
 Mr. Penkethman.
 Mr. Norris.
 Mr. Miller.

W O M E N.

Volumnia, Mother to *Coriolanus,*
Virgilia, Wife to *Coriolanus,*

Mrs. Porter.
 Mrs. Thurmond.

Senators of *Rome,* and *Antium;* Citizens, Soldiers,
 Ladies and Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly
in the Territories of the Volscians.

THE



THE
INVADER of his Country:
OR,
The FATAL RESENTMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Alarm; and after it enter Cominius and
three Tribunes of the Legions.*

COMINIUS.



ALT! give the Word.

1 *Trib.* Halt!

2 *Trib.* Halt!

3 *Trib.* At length they make a Stand.

Com. Lightning confound them! had
they shewn in Battel

But half the Fury of this headlong Flight,

The Victory had past Dispute been ours.

With what resistless Eagerness they ran,

And with what Slaughter curs'd *Ausidius* follow'd!

Who now stands low'ring upon yonder Brow,

And threatens, like a Storm, to pour upon us.

B

What

2 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

What Force, what Spirit have we to receive him?
O Death to all my Hope of Fame and Conquest!
We shall be routed shamefully, entirely:
Rome for two hundred Years has been victorious,
And never lost a Battel till this Hour.
O cruel Gods! that thus have chose *Cominius*
To give th' Example of ignoble Flight.

1 *Trib.* My Lord, ~~one~~ Comfort is remaining yet;
Methought that in the Intervals of Fight,
I now and then distinctly heard th' Assaults
Of those our Friends that lye before *Corioli*.

2 *Trib.* I heard them plainly, and their shouts of
Triumph,
Which Southern Gusts convey'd and snatch'd by turns
from us.

Com. Ye Gods, who have determin'd *Rome* shall rise
By War, to be the Mistress of the Universe,
O give them sudden Victory, and bring them
With all their Forces, and their Heroe *Marcus*,
To turn the Fortune of the Field and *Rome*.

1 *Trib.* Who comes there?

2 *Trib.* Stand!

3 *Trib.* Give the word!

Enter Lucius Cluentius.

L. Cluent. *Mars* and *Quirinus*!

1 *Trib.* *Lucius Cluentius* from *Corioli*.

Com. Tribune, thy News! what Fortune have our
Friends?

How fares the Hope of *Rome*, the noble *Marcus*?

1 *Trib.* Well, as I hope, but that the Gods best know.

Com. Ha! What dost thou mean?

Answer, in what condition didst thou leave him?

L. Cluent. Cover'd with Fame, and crown'd with
Victory,

And warmly he pursu'd the flying *Volsians*,

Com. Thou mistak'st:

The *Volsians*, to which *Marcus* stands oppos'd
With *Titus Lartius*, are within *Corioli*.

L. Cluent.

L. Cluent. Yes, but this Morning, at the break of Day,
With all their Force they made a desperate Sally,
And beat our bravest *Romans* to their Trenches:
Till rallied and led up by noble *Marcus*,
They seem'd to take new Life, new Fire from Him,
And breath'd, and look'd, and fought once more like
Romans.

Then we turn'd Chasers who before were hunted,
And quickly made the *Volscians* seek for Shelter
Amidst their Wives and Children.

Com. O would to all the Gods that thou wouldst end
As nobly thou begin'st!

L. Cluent. *Marcus*, still foremost in the chase of Glory,
Hung like Destruction on their broken Rear,
And made a dreadful Slaughter of their Flyers;
Up to their Gates, expanded to receive them,
Swift as consuming Lightning he pursu'd them,
Still blasting, as he follow'd; when, curs'd Moment!

Com. And fatal Pause! Go on, for I'm prepar'd
To hear the worst of Fate.

L. Cluent. O wonderful, but oh disastrous Valour!
Marcus, transported by his matchless Fire,
Enters the Town impetuous with the *Volscians*;
And while our fiercest *Romans* stopt and paus'd,
Struck and astonish'd at the wond'rous Action,
With Horror and Confusion I beheld
The massy Gates returning on their Hinges,
And *Marcus* shut among ten thousand Foes,
And left alone expos'd to all their Fury.

Com. O noble *Roman*!

Marcus is slain, the Hope of *Rome* is gone;
For thou wouldst die, I know, a thousand Deaths,
Before thou wouldst be Captive to the *Volscians*.
Tho' thou speak'st Truth, methinks thou speak'st not
How long is't since this fatal Action happen'd? [well.

L. Cluent. Above an Hour, my Lord.

Com. *Coriolanus* is distant but a Mile;
And hither we distinctly heard their Drums;

B 2

How

4 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

How couldst thou in a Mile confound an Hour,
And bring thy News so late?

L. Cluent. Spies of the *Volsci*
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or four Miles about; or else, my Lord,
I had in less than half the time been here.

Com. Hie thee to *Rome*, and let the Senate know this;
And tell them I my self have been repuls'd,
And that each moment I'm in expectation
Of being once more attack'd by fierce *Aufidius*.

[*Exit Cluent.*

Enter a fourth Tribune.

4 *Trib.* My Lord, *Aufidius* leads his *Volsicians* down
Into the Plain, and seems resolv'd t' attack us.

Com. Are all the Soldiers ready to receive them?

4 *Trib.* Their Hands are ready, but their Hearts are

Com. Then all, I fear, is lost. [weak.

Farewel, O *Rome*, and thou, O Life, farewell!
For I will ne'er return Inglorious home;
And know, O *Rome*, that he who for thee Dies,
Does more than he who Conquers. Ha! who's yonder,
That looks as he were flea'd all o'er? O Gods!
That Figure and that Stamp I've seen before,
And nobly painted thus with Hostile Blood.
'Tis sure the Ghost of *Marcus* come from Hell,
To be reveng'd of the perfidious *Volsicians*.

Marc. [*Within.*] Come I too late?

Com. By Immortal *Jove* 'tis he! he lives, he lives;
'The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,
More than I know the Sound of *Marcus*' Voice,
From every meaner Man's.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Come I too late?

Com. Yes, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Marc. Oh let me clasp thee!
In Arms as sound as when I woo'd, in Heart
Jocund as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com.

Com. What Wonder, or what God, has brought thee hither?

Lucius Cluentius brought the fatal News
But now, that thou wert shut within *Corioli*.

Marc. You heard the Truth.

Com. What God, propitious to the Fate of *Rome*,
Wrought thy Deliverance so very soon,
So very unexpectedly?

Marc. I want both Time and Breath t'inform you now.

Com. Thou Flower of Warriors, how fares *Titus*
Largius?

Marc. As the Man fares, who does the work of Fate,
Condemning some to Death, and some to Exile;
Ransoming some, some pitying, threatening others:
Holding *Corioli* in the Name of *Rome*,
E'en like a fawning Greyhound in the Leash,
To let them slip at pleasure.
But see he comes himself t'inform you further.

Enter Largius.

Com. More Wonders! welcome, *Titus*; thou art come
Most unexpected, in a lucky Hour.

Larg. Oh General! see there the noble Steed,
For we are but the bare Caparison.
Oh I have Miracles to entertain thee,
Transcending all Belief, surpassing all Example.
Behold that Wonderful, that Godlike Man,
Who when he was enclos'd among ten thousand,
Drove them, like some Divinity, before him;
Infusing mortal Terrors thro' their Souls:
Then to our *Romans* open'd wide their Gates,
And let in mighty Ruin on them all.

Com. Thou Heroe of the Age, and God of War,
With Wonder I survey thee.

Marc. No more, I do beseech you.
My Mother has a Right t'extoll her Blood;
Yet when she praises me, she always grieves me:
This is a time for Action, not for Talk.
Hast thou brought any Succours to us, *Titus*?

B 3

Larg.

6 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Larg. All but a few who stay to guard the Town,
For one short Hour or two.

For if we win the Field, the Town is ours,
But losing that, we lose of course the other.

Marci. Where lies the Enemy? Are we Lords of the
If not, why, General, cease we till we are so? [Field?

Com. *Marcius*, we have to disadvantage fought,
And now expect to be attack'd again.

Marci. The Men half vanquish'd are, who are attack'd;
Let us march up to them without delay,
And be ourselves th' Attackers.

How lies their Battle? Know you on what Side
They have plac'd their Men of Trust?

Com. As near as I can guess, my Noble *Marcius*,
They who compose their Center are the *Veterans*,
On whom they most rely, commanded by
Tullus Aufidius, their successful General.

Marci. A fortunate and formidable Leader.
Were there a Man on Earth whom I cou'd envy,
It should be this *Aufidius*;

And were I any thing but what I am,
I then could wish that I were only he.

Com. You have fought together. [Others,

Marci. Were half this Globe in Conflict with the
And he upon my Party, I'd revolt
That I might combat him; he is a Lyon,
Whom I am proud to hunt; therefore beseech you,
By all the Battles we have fought together,
By all the Blood we have together shed,
And by the solemn Vows which we have made
To let no Time dissolve our bond of Friendship,
I beg you that you would directly set me
Against this fierce *Aufidius* and his *Antians*;
And that without the least delay we march,
Filling the Air with Swords and Darts advanc'd,
And make ev'n this the great deciding Hour.

Com. Tho' I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,

And

And healing Balm infus'd into your Wounds,
Yet dare I ne'er deny what *Marcus* asks:
Then let the Soldiers' fruit surround this Tent,
And take your choice of those who are most fit,
To imitate thy great and bright Example.

Marci. They are most proper who are the most willing,
If there be such, which were a Crime to doubt;
Who love this noble Pain with which I'm dy'd;
If here are any who are less afraid
Of dangers to their Persons, than their Names,
If any think brave Death outweighs bad Life,
And that his Country's dearer than himself,
Let all who find these noble Dispositions
Advance their Swords, to shew their Resolutions,
Such are my Friends, my Brethren and my Countrymen,
And only such are fit to follow *Marcus*.

[They all shout and flourish their Swords.

1st Sold. Lead on, brave *Marcus*, thee we follow all
To Death or Victory.

All. To Death or Victory we follow all.

Com. Was ever such a sudden wondrous Change?
They look, they move, they breath with other Souls,
And more than mortal Fury. [Shout again.

Marci. Ay, in that Shout the *Pelagian* Army fell;
Yea, my brave Friends, ye have already conquer'd,
I see it in your Eyes, I hear it in your Voices.
Come on, and I, as Time does Fate, will lead you
To Slaughter and unbounded Devastation.

All. To Death or Victory lead on, brave *Marcus*. [Exe.
[Alarm as in Battle.

Enter *Marcus* and *Aufidius* at several Doors.

Marci. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike.

Not *Africk* owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy; fix thy Foot.

Marci. Let the first Starter dye the other's Slave;
And after that most ignominious Death,

8 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

May the Gods doom him to eternal Torments.

Aufid. If I fly, *Marcus*, hoot me like a Hare.

Marci. *Tullus Aufidius*, know, within these three
Alone in your *Corioli* I fought, [Hours
Alone in your *Corioli* I vanquish'd.

Where walking like the Substitute of *Jove*,
I with this single Arm dealt Fate amongst them.
Believ'st thou 'tis my Blood with which I'm mark'd?
No: 'tis thy dearest Friends, and thy Relations.
Now rouse thy Faculties to great Revenge,
And scrue them to the utmost height of Fury.

Aufid. Think'st thou, when I behold thy hated Face,
want to be provok'd by Words to kill thee?
Thou say'st, I see upon thy painted Skin
The Blood of my dear Friends, and my Relations:
Thou Fool, what's that to t'other stabbing Sight,
When in thy haughty and insulting Eyes
I see thy boasted Triumphs o'er *Aufidius*.
Yes, that's the Sight that works my Rage to Madness,
And in me kindles such a raging Fever,
That if 'tis not extinguish'd by thy Blood
I'll quench it with my own.

Marci. Then take thy Wish,
Have at thy Life, and all the *Volscian* Pow'r.

[Here they fight, and certain *Volscians* come to
the Aid of *Aufidius*; *Marcus* fights till they are
driven in breathless.

Auf. to his Men. Stand from between us, oh, stand
off, I charge you.

Stand off, ye Scandals to the Fame of *Tullus*!
Base and officious Cowards, how did you dare
To think that I, engaged against one *Roman*,
Could stand in need of you?

[Flourish, Alarm. A Retreat is sounded.
Enter at one Door *Cominius* with the *Romans*, at ano-
ther Door *Marcus*. The Soldiers proclaim the Vi-
ctory of *Cominius*.

Com. Enough, my kind Companions of the War,
You

You force me to usurp another's Right,
For there's the Heroe to whom all is due:
'Tis he who sav'd your Persons, sav'd your Names,
And did immortal Honour to your Country;
Who rais'd *Cominius* to eternal Fame,
Ev'n from the brink of everlasting Infamy.
Oh *Caius*, *Caius*, I am lost in Wonder,
For I this Day have seen thee do such things,
Such more than mortal things, that should'st thou now
Hear with deliberate Calmness what before
Thou didst with godlike Fury, much I question
Whether thou wouldst not start at the Relation,
And doubt the Truth of thy own History.

Marci. Enough, enough, my General, and too much.
I have some Wounds upon me; and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. But base Forgetfulness might make them angry,
And black Ingratitude might make them fester.
However, *Marcius*, so far thou art right,
That Talk is but a barren Recompence
For thy unequall'd Merit.

Therefore I'll say no more, 'till I report it
Where Senators shall mingle Tears with Smiles,
Where great *Patricians* that are used to Victory
Shall start, and shrug, and lift their Eyes to Heaven;
Where Matrons shall grow pale at the Relation,
Trembling with pleasure intermix'd with horror;
Yet greedy still, devour the wondrous Tale:
Where the dull Tribunes, and the rank *Plebeians*,
That have so long malign'd thy growing Glory,
Shall say, against their Hearts, we thank the Gods,
Our *Rome* hath such a Soldier. Yet this Victory
Thou gain'dst, when thou wert wearied more than half
By conquering with thy single Arm *Corioli*.

Marci. Nay, General —

Com. Proceed we now to something more than Talk.
Then be it known to all the World that *Marcius*
By Merit wears the Laurel of this Victory;

And

30 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

And for a lasting Token of this Conquest,
My Noble Steed known to the Camp I give him,
With all his rich Caparison; from hence,
For what he did within *Corioli*, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the Host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus, Hail!

All. All hail, Coriolanus!

Marci. I will go wash, and when my Face is fair,
You shall perceive whether I blush or not.

Com. Besides, of all the Horses, all the Treasure,
Whereof we have taken store in Field and City,
We render you the Tenth, to be chose out
Before the common Distribution's made.

Marci. I thank you, General: but of all your Gifts
Your Steed and Noble Sirname I accept,
Which setting my old Honours still before me,
Shall gloriously excite my Soul to new ones.
But absolutely I refuse the rest,
And stand upon my common part with those
Who have been bare Spectators of the Victory.

Com. Now, my Companions of the War, prepare
To march our conquering Legions back to *Rome*!
You, *Caius Marcius*, must remain with me.

[*Exeunt all but Cornin and Coriol.*]

Com. Now we must back to *Rome*, *Coriolanus*,
Where all will now give way to Joy and Transport,
T' unruly Joy, and to tumultuous Transport,
And there will be nor time, nor place for Council;
A word then to thy darling Interest now:
When we're at *Rome*, I know th' assembled Senate
At my Proposal will design thee Consul,
Be not thou wanting to thy own advancement.

Cor. And how should I be wanting?

Com. O's, *Caius*, thou art Brave beyond Example,
Thy Soul's possess of ev'ry peaceful Virtue,
Temperate, chaste, observant of the Laws,
With an Integrity like that of *Jove*,
Above the Pow'r of Fortune or of Fate;

Yet

Yet thy one Blomish will all this disgrace.

Cor. Name it, my Lord.

Com. Thou hast a Soul too haughty and severe
For one who lives in a Free State, a State
That's so much founded on Equality.

You have been too harsh, and have provok'd the People.

Cor. I hate the People.

Com. Then give me leave to tell you, you're ungrateful;
For to this very People, whom you hate,
You more than half your matchless Conquests owe,
And more than half your Glory.

Cor. Owe them to them!

Com. To them, by whose Assistance you have conquer'd,
And in the Camp you cherish and esteem them.

Cor. Because they pay a blind Obedience here,
And ne'er dispute the Will of their Superiors;
At *Rome* they insolently aim at Pow'r,
And to controul the Nobles and the Senate,
And therefore there I hate them.

Com. The Discipline of War requires unbounded Sway,
But Peace restrains aspiring Pow'r by Law:
And when at *Rome* the People curb the Senate,
'Tis when th' ambitious Race of our *Patricians*
Seem aiming at that Tyranny themselves,
For which they expell'd the proud and cruel *Tarquin*,
Cherish the People when at *Rome* henceforward,
As here on *Volscian* Land you fight for them.

Cor. Is it for them I fight? Is it for them
I lose my dearest Blood?

Com. Is it not in thy Country's Cause thou fight'st?

Cor. Most certainly.

Com. And are the Walls or Fields thy Country then?

Cor. No; the *Patricians*, and the noble Senate.

Com. A narrow Country, of a poor Extent,
Not the tenth part so large as was our *Rome*,
When 'twas first founded by our Martial *Romulus*.
Thy Country is the People.

[Nature.

Cor. When they're but nam'd, they shock my very
Com.

12 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Com. And doest thou think thy Nature different then
From that of this so despicable People?
Know, what they are thy Ancestors have been,
And what thou art will their Descendants be.
Alas, we're all compounded of one Stuff:
The Gods, who made us, no such difference see,
Between *Patricians* and th' ignoble *Vulgar*?
But hark! the Trumpet calls; we must to *Rome*;
And as we march, let's in our Minds revolve,
That this brave People, whom so much thou hat'st,
Are destin'd by the Gods to rule the Universe.
By them our *Rome* shall to the Stars arise:
Whom the Gods favour, let not Man despise.

The End of the First ACT.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia.

Vol. FIE, my *Virgilia*, leave these doleful Murmurs:

Dreams are but idle Vapours without Meaning.

Virg. Ay, but for five successive Nights this Vision At dead of Night has visited my Slumbers; For five successive Nights I've seen my Lord Supriz'd, surrounded, murder'd by the *Volscians*.

Vol. The meer Delusions of your Melancholy.

But, after all, suppose Prefage divine Did by these Visions break your restless Slumbers, Should they persuade you to throw off the *Roman*, And to appear dejected and desponding!

This is just counter to the Gods Design; Why shou'd at any time divine Prediction Descend, t' inform us of our future Fate?

Is it, that by foreseeing we can shun Th' Eternal Dictates of Almighty Will?

O, that the Powers take barbarous Delight, To plague the Minds of miserable Mortals, By vain Fore-knowledge of avoidless Ills?

No sure; 'tis that our Souls without surprise May be prepared to meet the worst of Fate, That we secure may view its ghastfull'st Terrors, Stem with undaunted Breasts a Flood of Evils, And may, in short, behave our selves like *Romans*, And like the darling Offspring of the Gods.

Virg.

14 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Virg. You are the awful Parent of my *Marcus* :
Do you not love your Son ?

Vol. Yes, with a Love, as tender, and as true,
As softest Mothers love their darling Children :
For which of them can show a Son like *Marcus*
To justify her Fondness ? Such a Son
As my luxuriant, wanton Fancy form'd,
Such as my boldest, warmest Wishes pray'd for ;
Exactly such a one the Gods have sent me.
Yet such a Child, and such an only Child,
So cherish'd, so belov'd, (for all true Love
Is always regulated by th' Advantage
Of the beloved Object, not its own ;)
E're yet the Down his tender Cheek adorn'd,
While Youthful Beauty drew all Eyes upon him,
When, tho' a King should beg a live-long Day,
Some Mothers would not part with him an Hour ;
I, knowing Indolent, Inglorious Men
To be but Pictures, the dead Furniture
Of Houses that are Noble, that 'tis Glory
That ends what we begin, and makes the Man,
Convinc'd of this, to a cruel War I sent him,
Where he thro' Manly Dangers hunted Fame,
And Brow-bound with the Oak came back to *Rome*.
I tell thee, Daughter, my Heart sprung not more
When first I heard there was a Man-child born,
Than when my Boy first prov'd himself a Man.

Virg. But can you think of his untimely Death,
And not feel Horror at the dreadful Thought ?

Vol. No ; at that Thought great Nature takes th' A-
larm ;
Yes, at that Thought, those very piercing Terrors,
Those shadd'wing Horrors, which torment your Breast,
Begin to swell and tyrannize in mine,
But strait with *Roman* Spirit I subdue them ;
And still remain the Mistress of my Soul.
My Comfort is, that if my *Marcus* dies,
The noble Services he does for *Rome*,

And

And his Eternal Fame, shall be my Offspring.

Virg. I have a doleful, and a boding Heart.

Vol. I am auspicious, and a brightly one,
And rather think that mine's inspir'd from Heaven.
Methinks I hither hear your Husband's Drums:
I see, I see him pluck *Aufidius* down;
While all the routed *Volscians* fly amain,
As Hunters from the roaring Lion fly,
And leave their General to my *Marcus*' Rage.
And thus methinks I see him Stamp, and thus
I hear him to our *Romans* cry aloud,
Come on, ye Cowards; ye were got in Fear,
Tho' ye were born in *Rome*: his Bloody Brow
With Iron Hand then wiping, on he goes,
Like to a Harvest Man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his Hire.

Virg. His Bloody Brow! Oh Heavens!

Vol. Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man,
Than gilded Trophies, and triumphant Chariots.
The Breasts of *Hecuba* appear'd not lovelier,
When in her charming Bloom she suckled *Hector*;
Than *Hector*'s Forehead, when it spouted Blood,
In the contention against stern *Achilles*.

Virg. Heav'n guard my Lord from fell *Aufidius*'
Rage.

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*' Head below his Heel,
And tread upon his Neck. Alas, *Virgilia*!
What makes the Blood come mantling o'er thy Face,
And then departing leave a Death-like Pale?
Why is thy Eye thus fix'd? What mean these Starts,
And these convulsive Tremblings?

Virg. 'Tis he himself! it can be none but he.
That Godlike Form belongs to none but *Marcus*.
Protect me, and support me, all ye Powers.

Enter Cominius, Coriolanus, and Menenius.

Cor. The Powers make me their Substitute for that;
'Tis I'll protect thee, and support thee now.
Come to my Heart, to which thou art more dear,
Than

16 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Than the Life-Blood that warms it.

[Cominius entertains Voltimnia.

Virg. Excess of Bliss, which I can never bear,
The mighty Joy, so sudden, so impetuous,
Consumes my Spirits, and devours my Life.
What Power has given thee to my eager Arms?
What God has snatcht thee from the Jaws of Fate,
And hither sent thee on the Wings of Love,
To stop my Hand, and cheer my dying Eyes?

Cor. The God of War, the God of Victory,
At the request of Love's propitious Goddess.

Virg. Of Victory? This is too much, ye Gods!
O fierce Convulsions of transporting Joy!
But see, the noblest Mother of the World
Remains too long neglected.

Cor. I knew not till this Moment she was here,
So much my Eyes and every busy Power
Of my rapt Soul were taken up with thee.

Vol. [to *Com.*] Now pour ten Thousand Blessings
on him, Gods!

These are unparallel'd, unheard-of Wonders?

Com. This is not half the Truth.

Men. Conquest and Glory evermore like this.
Attend the Godlike Man!

Vol. O Joy, that lifts *Volumnia* to the Skies,
And places her among the deathless Gods!

Cor. Pardon, that I've so long delay'd my Knee;
For you, I know, have knelt to all the Gods
For my Prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. O *Marcus*, *Marcus*, O my Son, my Son,
Thou wondrous Prop of a declining State,
Support of *Rome*, and Glory of thy Race!
Thy joyful Mother's Ornament and Honour,
My worthy *Marcus*, my *Coriolanus*!
O rise, thou Turner of Despair to Victory,
Rise, thou sole glorious Conqueror of *Corioli*.

Cor. What, my Friend too? My good *Ménenius*
here?

Men.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!
'Tis Forty Years since last my Eyes were moist,
But all my Mother comes into them now:
Now welcome, welcome, yes, ten thousand Welcomes!
A Curse begin ev'n at his very Heart,
Who is not glad to see thee.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your Colleague and th' assembled
~~Senate~~
Desire your Presence.

Com. I come;
And, *Marcus*, you without delay must follow.

Cor. I will. [Exit Comin.]

Volum. Now all that ever my luxuriant Fancy
Invented, to indulge my fondest Wishes,
Is truly come to pass; there wants but one thing;
You must be Consul now, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. Yes, if I can be so, without becoming
The Creature of the despicable Rabble.

Men. Come to the Capitol; you are expected.

[Exit Comiol. and Men.]

Vol. Now where's the dreadful Vision of the Night?
Marcus has been surrounded by the *Volsicians*;
But singly, solely has o'ercome them all.
He with his single Arm subdu'd *Corioli*;
Then swift as Lightning joyn'd our routed Army:
And rallied them to Conquest and to Glory.
He was the very Soul of their vast Body,
Was all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Where-e'er he went, before him Fortune flew,
And certain Fate attended on his March,
And Victory upon his dreadful Plume
Sate perch'd, and clapt her joyful Eagle's Wings;
Three times our *Marcus* singled out *Aufidius*,
And thrice the *Volsian* sunk beneath his Thunder,
And bent his Knee, as 'twere in Adoration.

Virg. Ye Gods!
These are transporting, and amazing things!

C

Volum.

In Earnestness to see him ; cloister'd *Flamens*,
That shun the Eyes of Men, and leave Society,
To be quite swallow'd up in Contemplation,
Now labouring cleave the waving Crowd, and puff
To win a vulgar Station ; our veil'd Dames
Commit the War of white and fine Carnation
In their nice lovely Cheeks, to be devour'd
By *Phœbus*' burning Kisses ; such a Rage,
And such an universal Eagerness,
As if that whatsoever God who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human Powers,
And gave him graceful Posture.

Sic. The Senate is resolv'd to chuse him Consul.

Brut. And the mad People will confirm that Choice.

Sic. Then our Authority is at an end.

Brut. And with it Liberty.

Sic. Our Comfort is,
That he wants Temper to support these Honours ;
And all that Pride, with which he threatens the State,
Will, like an Engine manag'd without Skill,
Recoil upon himself.

Brut. That is indeed a comfort.

Sic. And doubt not, but the giddy changing Vulgar,
Whose Rights are in our keeping, will forget,
With the least Cause, the Glare of these Atchievements ;
Which Cause that he will give, I no more doubt,
Than his Presumption and his Insolence.

Brut. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' *Roman Forum*, ne'er put on,
The candid Vesture of Humility :
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To the vile People, beg their stinking Breaths,

Sic. 'Tis right.

Brut. It was his word.
Oh, he would miss it, rather than obtain it ;
But by the Suit of the Nobility,
And of the Gentry to him.

C 2

Sic.

20 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Sic. And may his evil Genius prompt him still
To hold that Purpose, and to excuse it.

Brut. You may depend upon it, that he will.

Sic. It shall be like our Wishes then, Destruction to
him.

Brut. He or our Office must find sure Destruction:
Therefore we must insinuate to the People,
With what malignant Hatred he has vex'd them;
That to his Power he would have made them Mutes;
Silenc'd their Pleaders, overturn'd their Freedoms;
Contemning them as Animals, as Beasts,
Incapable of Human Thought or Action;
And to be us'd like Camels in the War,
Who have their Provender for bearing Burdens,
And Blows for sinking under them.

Shout. Enter Citizen.

What's the matter?

Cit. The conquering *Coriolanus* comes this way:
I have seen the Deaf Men throng to see him walk,
The Blind to hear him speak; Masters flung Gloves,
Virgins their Handkerchiefs and Silken Scarfs:
Upon him as he pass'd, the Nobles bended
As to *Jove's* Statue, and the Commons made
A show'r and thunder with their Caps and Shouts,
Such as I never heard before.

Brut. The Senate is broke up, see, *Caius Marcius*,
And with him comes *Cominius*, and *Menenius*.
Let us begone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus, Cominius, and Menenius.

Com. The Senate have with wonder heard thy Deeds,
And have with one consent, for thy great Services,
Resolv'd to make thee Consul.
Anon you must bespeak the Peoples Voice.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that Custom, for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my Wounds sake, to give their Suffrages:
From this be pleas'd that I may be excepted.

Com.

Com. Know, Sir, the People's Voices are their Rights,
Nor will they bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. He shall not put them to it.

Go, pray Sir, and adapt you to the Custom,
And take, as all your Predecessors have done,
The Honour with the Form.

Cor. It is a Part which I shall blush in acting;
And what might will be taken from the People.
To drag unto them, Thus I did, and thus;
Shew them th' unmaking Stars which I shou'd hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the Mire
Of their Breath only.

Men. Come, come, no more; you must resolve to
do it:

So to our Noble Consul we with Joy,
And all access of Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Roman Forum.*

Enter several of Coriolanus's Party.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, is there no false Brother a-
mong us? Are you all resolv'd to vote for *Coriolanus*?

All. All, all.

2 *Cit.* If he does require our Voices, we ought not
to deny him.

3 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

4 *Cit.* We have a Power in our selves to do it; but
'tis a Power that we have no Power to do. For if
he shew us his Wounds, and tell us his Deeds, we are
to put our Tongues into these Wounds, and speak for
them. So if he tell us his noble Deeds, we are like-
wise to tell him our noble acceptance of them. In-
gratitude is monstrous, and for the Multitude to be
ungrateful, were to make a Monster of the Multitude;

22 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

of the which we being Members, should bring our selves to be monstrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: For when we stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so by many, not that our Heads are some Brown, some Black, some Auburn, and some Bald, but that our Wits are so diversely colour'd. And truly I think, that if all our Wits were to go out of one Skull, they would fly *East, West, North, and South*, and to every part of the Compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which Way do you judge my Wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Thy Wit will not so soon out as another's, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a Blockhead. Yet if it were once out, it would neither fly, nor run, nor walk, no nor creep: It would directly tend to its center of Gravity, and sink plumb down, with as much alacrity as a Millstone.

Enter several of Sempronius his Party.

All Sem. A Sempronius! A Sempronius!

All Cor. A Coriolanus! A Coriolanus!

All Sem. No Purse-proud Patrician! no Contemner of the People.

All Cor. No Cuckold-making Patrician! no Denier of his own Hand.

1 *Sem.* Why, who denied his own Hand?

2 *Cor.* Why Sempronius, Sempronius.

2 *Sem.* Why here's an impudent Slander, my Masters, when all the World knows that he can neither write nor read; by the same token that he and I had the same Education.

2 *Cor.* A rare Fellow for a Consul truly!

[All Coriolanus's Party laugh.]

2 *Sem.* Ay marry is he, and to be valued for his natural parts: His Father saw, that he had such prodigious parts, that it would be in vain to teach him any

any thing. He found he never would have occasion for any Man's Wit but his own; and so, my Masters, a *Sempronius*, a *Sempronius*!

1 *Cor.* No Box and Dice Man! No Hap-Hazarder!

[*All C. laugh and flout.*

Look you, Sirs, we will not chuse a Man for Consul, who will be sure to make Chance his Deputy-Governor. He who has ruin'd his own Estate by Hazard, is hardly like to secure ours by Conduct. [*All C. laugh.*

And so I say no *Sempronius*.

2 *Semp.* No Subverter of the Peoples Liberties, no *Coriolanus*.

1 *Cor.* Yes, *Coriolanus* is like to subvert our Liberties, because he is the only Man who has kept out young *Tarquin*; and *Sempronius* is like to secure these Liberties, because he has been all along in a Plot for the bringing him in. And in what manner for the bringing him in? Why wielding in his unconditional Arm a Sponge instead of a Scepter, with which, when the Boy is dispos'd to be frolicksome, he may run about in Moon-light and rub out Milk-scores.

All Cor. Ha, ha, ha! Liberty and Property! Liberty and Property! no *Sempronius*, no Spunger.

1 *Semp.* Hark you me, *Sanga*! Here you bawl out Liberty and Property! You owe me fifty Sesterces.

1 *Cor.* Well, Sir! Well, Sir!

1 *Semp.* And if you don't either vote for *Sempronius*, or pay me immediately, I will forthwith take both your Chattels and your Carcase into *Salva Custodia*; and there's Liberty and Property for you, you Dog.

All Semp. Ha, ha, ha.

All Cor. What, does he threaten? Knock him down! knock him down!

1 *Semp.* Nay then,---The Temples of our Gods, the Temples of our Gods are in danger!

All Semp. The Temples of our Gods, the Temples of our Gods are in danger!

24. *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

I Cor. Very fine! This *Sempronius* is a blessed Person indeed! he Games, he Cheats, he Swears, he Drinks, he Drabs; and yet whenever this Scoundrel is out of Place, all things are upon the brink of Ruin forsooth, our Temples are about to be turn'd Topsy-turvy, and the Gods to stand upon their Heads; as if nothing but profligate Vice could be the firm Support of Religion, or that the Gods were too weak to defend themselves without such Bully Backs to their Seconds.

I Semp. Religion is like to come into mighty Repute indeed, when Fellows are about to come into play, who are so proud and so sawcy that they scorn to pull off their Hats to the Gods.

I Cor. You lie, you Rogue, you lie, there are no such coming into play. Our Gods are like to be finely help'd up, by *Sempronius's* bringing young *Tarquin* in. *Sempronius* and he have been travelling, with a murrain to them; they have been in *Egypt* together, and now we must exchange our own for *Egyptian* Gods; *Apollo* must give Place to a Leek, *Mercury* to an Onion, and *Jove* himself to a Clove of Garlick. Blessed Gods are these *Egyptian* Divinities! which they who worship devour; and which have so strong an Influence on their Votaries, that while a Man has his Gods in his Guts, he is unfit to breath in human Society.

All Cor. No *Sempronius*! No God-Eater!

I Cor. Look you, my Masters, don't let these People tell *Sempronius*, that we did not shew our Breeding to them; give them a general Huzza at parting, and each of them in particuler a lusty thwack o'er the Shoulders.

All Cor. Huzza!

I Cor. But here comes *Coriolanus*, and in the Gown of Humility: Let us observe his Behaviour a little.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Men. Come, come for shame; it will be thought meer Arrogance,

To expect the very Customs of your Country Should

Should truckle to your Merit, and refuse
To do what all our noblest *Romans* have done.

Cor. What must I say, Sir?

A plague upon it, I can never bring
My Tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir, my Wounds,
I got them in my Country's Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roard, and ran
From the noise of our own Drums.

Men. O all the Gods! You must not speak of that:
You must desire they would think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang them!
Rather forget me, as they have done Virtue,
And every thing that's worthy.

Men. Come, come, pray speak to them in handsome
manner, and mar not your own Fortune. I must
leave you. [Exit.]

1 *Cit.* Now let us passing one by one salute him,
And be saluted by him, and desired
To give our Voices.

And now a Wager on the handsom'st Bow.

Cor. O *Jove*, what part am I about to play!
Here comes the beastly Crew, all Beasts alike,
Yet each a different Brute; now for their Bows,
Which will be different in them as their Looks,
Their Leers, their Sneers, their Goggles and Grimaces.
Shocking Respect! Civility offensive!
Ridiculous variety of Awkwardness!

[*The Citizens pass by Coriolanus, each making a
singular awkward Bow, and a different ridi-
culous Grimace.*]

Cor. You know the cause of my standing here?
Your Voice?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis yours noble Sir.

Cor. And yours?

3 *Cit.* Ay, ay, Sir.

Cor. And yours?

4 *Cit.* Were it as big as *Stentor's*, it were yours, Sir.

Cor. And yours?

5 *Cit.*

25 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

5 *Cit.* My Voice, my Lungs, and my Midriff, all are at your Service, noble Sir.

Cor. And yours?

6 *Cit.* Ay, by all means, Sir.

Cor. And yours?

7 *Cit.* Give you Joy, Sir.

Cor. And yours?

8 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir!

Cor. Worthy Voices.

And yours?

9 *Cit.* Mine, Sir, I must be paid for.

Cor. Your Price?

9 *Cit.* To ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, pray let me have it.

9 *Cit.* You have Wounds to shew.

Cor. Which shall be yours in private.

Your Voice, Sir? What say you?

9 *Cit.* Oh! Dear Sir, you have it freely.

Cor. Rare Voices! Sweet Voices! Delicate Voices!

I have your Alms. Adieu!

2 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

3 *Cit.* Foolish enough, Neighbour!

4 *Cit.* Very whimsical, by *Jupiter*!

5 *Cit.* Were it to do again — ! But 'tis no Matter. Come let's withdraw a little, and make room for more.

Cor. Here comes a single Voice, and by his Mien A Tooth-Drawer, or Corn-Cutter at the best. Death! Must I beg of him too?

1 *Cit.* I have not stood by, and observed for nothing. He has flouted all my Companions, and I suppose I am to expect the like usage in my turn; which to prevent by *Hercules*, I'll try to mortify this haughty, doughty Heroe.

Cor. You know what I come for, Sir.

1 *Cit.* O *Gemini*! Not I, by *Hercules*, Sir! I know nothing of the Matter, Sir.

Cor. Now! Not know my Business?

1 *Cit.* Have you Business with me, Sir? Pray what may your Name be?

Cit.

The Fatal Resentment.

Cor. My Name, Sirrah?

1 Cit. Nay, don't be angry, don't be angry, Sir. Some People are not willing to tell their Names. There may be Reasons, Reasons for that. But pray, Sir, what Country-man are you? When I know your Country, perhaps I may know what you come for. Are you an *Etrurian*, a *Campanian*, or a *Volscian*?

Cor. A *Volscian*, you Raskal?

1 Cit. Ay, Sir, so I say, Sir, a *Volscian*; if you are a *Volscian*, look you, you come for Cure. You have received some Contusions, from some *Roman* Balmado's, and so having heard of my Fame, do you see, for a most skilful Operator. — There's no more to be said, I'll do your Business, Friend, I will, by *Hercules*.

Cor. By *Jove*, you Raskal, I'll do yours.

1 Cit. Help! Help! Murder! Murder!
What a Legerhead was I,

[*Cit. runs, Cor. follows beating him.*]

For setting my notable Head-piece
Against the Great Toe of this Brawler!

[*Exit 1 Cit. Enter two others.*]

Cor. Here come more Voices. Sirs, your Voices, Voices.

10 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your Country!

11 Cit. You have received many Wounds for it.

Cor. I will not seal your Knowledge with the sight of them. I will make much of your Voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods give you Joy, Sir, heartily.

Cor. Most sweet Voices. Here are more of them. Your Voices? For your Voices I have fought, watched for your Voices, for your Voices, bear of Wounds two Dozen and odd; Battles thrice six I have seen or heard of. For your Voices have done many things, some more, some less. Your Voices! Indeed I would be Consul.

9 Cit. And he shall be Consul. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest Man's Voice.

10 Cit. Therefore let him be Consul. The Gods give him Joy, and make him good Friend to the People.

All.

28 *The Intruder of his Country: Or,*

All. Amen, Amen! God save thee, noble Consul.

Cor. Worthy Voices! Sweet Voices! Delicate Voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood th' appointed time, and now the Tribunes

Endue you with the People's Voice, it follows.

That you, invested in th' official Marks,

Anon do meet the Senate.

Sic. Is this done?

Sic. The Customs of Request you have discharg'd,

The People do admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, to approve the Choice they have made.

Cor. Where? At the Senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these Garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. I'll do't without delay, and when once more I know my self, I'll meet th' assembled Senate.

Men. I'll keep you Company. Will you along?

Brut. We here expect the People. [Exe. Cor. Men.]

Sic. Fare you well.

He has it now; and by his Looks, methinks, 'Tis warm at's Heart.

Brut. With a proud Heart he wore his humble Weeds. Will you dismiss the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my Masters? have you chose this Man?

2 Cit. He has our Voices, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods he may deserve your Loves.

2 Cit. Amen, Sir: In my poor unworthy Judgment He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.

3 Cit. Yes, certainly, he flouted us downright.

4 Cit. No, 'tis his way of Speech; he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one among us, save your self, but says He us'd us scornfully: He should have shewn us His Marks of Merit, and his Wounds receiv'd In fighting for his Country.

Sic.

Sic. Why, did he not?

All. No, no, no Man saw them.

3 Cit. He said he had Wounds
Which he wou'd shew in private.

And with his Hand, thus waving it in scorn,

I wou'd be Consul, says he; aged Custom

But by your Voices will not so permit us;

Your Voices therefore: When we granted that,

He said, I thank you for your Voices, thank you

For your most sweetest Voices, your most delicate Voices,

Your most worthy Voices; now you have left your
Voices,

You may take ev'ry thing else that belongs to you

Out of my sight. Was not this mockery?

Brut. Did you perceive,

He did solícite you in frank Contempt,

When he did want your Loves; and do you think

That his Contempt will not be grinding to you

When he hath Power to crush? Why had your Bodies

No Souls among you? Or had you Tongues to cry

Against the Rule and Dictate of your Reason?

Sic. Have you so oft e'er now deny'd the Asker,

And now on him who did not ask, but mock'd,

Bestow'd your fling'd Voices?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him;

I'll have five hundred Voices of that sound.

4 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their Friends to help
them.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those Friends

They have chosen a Consul, that will from them take

Their Liberties, and make their Voices vile

As those of Dogs, that are as often beat

For Barking, as they are for that purpose kept.

Sic. Assemble all, and on a safer Judgment

Revoke your ignorant choice; enforce his Pride,

And his inveterate Hatred, and forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble Weed.

How

30 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

How in his Suit he scorn'd you, while your Zeal,
Dazzled and blinded by his glaring Service,
Did not discern his Insolent Deportment,
Which he most glibly, ungravely fashion'd,
According to th' invenom'd Flare he bears you.

Brut. But lay the fault of that on us your Tribunes;
Say, that we labour'd to remove all Scandals
That lay betwixt the Consulship and him.

Sic. Yes, say you chose him more by our Command,
Than by the Dictates of your own Affections:
And presently, when you have got your numbers
Together, to the Capitol repair.

All. We will so; almost all repeat their choice.
Away, away, away. [*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

Brut. Ay, now the Winds are up, and the Waves roar,
And we the Rabble wisely have enrag'd,
To be reveng'd of this *Goriotanus*;
Whom we must ruine, or our selves be lost.
This proud *Patrician* threatens our new-born Pow'r,
Which either yet we must retain, or die.
So much we have enrag'd the haughty Senate,
By heading that Sedition of the People,
Which forc'd the Fathers to create us Tribunes;
And Tribunes we must be, or must be nothing.

Sic. Then let us to the Capitol;
There let us to the best advantage guide
This Madness of the roaring Multitude,
And calm our selves; let's rule the Storm we have rais'd,
Calm as the Ruler of the raging Main,
Incens'ing his mad Billows to devour
Some bold Blasphemer who defies his Pow'r.

The End of the Second ACT.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Largius, and other Senators.

Cor. **T***ullus Aufidius* then had made new Head.
Larg. He had, my Lord; and it was that which
 Our swifter Composition. [caus'd]

Cor. So then the *Volsicians* stand but as at first,
 Ready, when Time shall prompt them, to make Inroad
 Upon us once again.

Com. Lord Consul, they are worn and harra's'd so,
 That we shall hardly, in our Age, behold
 Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Larg. On Safeguard he came to me; and did curse
 Most bitterly the *Volsicians*, who so vilely
 Yielded the Town. He is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Larg. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? What?

Larg. How often he had met you Sword to Sword.
 That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
 Your Person most: That he would pawn his Fortunes,
 So he might only be proclaim'd your Vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Larg. At *Antium*.

Cor. I would I had a Cause to seek him there,
 To oppose his Hatred fully: Welcome home.

Enter

32 *The Invader of his Country! Or,*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

See where the Tribunes of the People come,
The many-headed Monsters common Tongues;
Whom I despise and hate, because the Wretches
Would raise their puny and their upstart Power
Above what we, the Nobles, ought to bear.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha, what say'st thou?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on, no further.

Cor. What is the Cause of this so sudden Change?

Men. Ay, what uncommon Accident has happen'd?

Com. Has he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Cor. Thou Wretch, Despite o'erwhelm thee,
What should the People do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their Obedience fails,
And grows rebellious to the greater Bench.
When not what's fit, but what must be was Law,
Then were they chosen. In a better Hour
Let what is fit, pronounce it must be fit,
And trample on their Power.

Brut. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a Traytor, and shall answer
As Traytors do.

Brut. The *Ediles*, ho. Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Edile.

Sic. Go call the People, in whose Name, my self
Arrest thee as a traytorous Innovator,
A public Foe to *Rome*. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thy Answer.

Cor. Hence, old Goat.

All Sen. We all will be his Sureties.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy Bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sic. Help, help, my Fellow-Citizens.

Enter a Rabble with the Ediles.

Men. On both sides more Respect.

Sic. Here's he who would deprive you of your Power.

Brut.

Brut. Seize him, *Ædiles*.

All Pleb. Down with him! down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons! Weapons! Weapons!

[*They all bustle about Cor.*

Men. Tribunes, *Patricians*, Citizens, what ho!

Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens!

Now what will follow next? I am out of Breath,

And want the Power to speak, and they to hear.

Confusion has already taken place,

And Ruin, its Attendant, must ensue.

Patience, ye Tribunes of th' unruly People;

And thou, *Coriolanus*, too have Patience.

Speak to the People, good *Sicinius*, speak.

Sic. Hear me, People. Peace.

All Peop. Let's hear our Tribune. Peace. speak, speak,

Sic. You are about to lose your Liberties;

Marcus, by force, will seize upon your Rights,

This very *Marcus* whom you nam'd for Consul.

Men. For shame, *Sicinius*;

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Sic. The City! What's the City but the People?

Pleb. 'Tis true, the People are the City.

Brut. By the Consent of all we were establish'd

The People's Magistrates.

Pleb. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That, that's the way to lay the City flat,

To bring the Roof down to the deep Foundation,

And bury all its Order, and its Beauty

In heaps and piles of Ruin.

Sic. This deserves Death.

Brut. Or let us stand to our Authority,

Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,

In all the People's Name, in whose just Power

We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy

Of present Death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him,

D

Bear

34 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Bear him to the *Tarpeian* Rock, from whence
Into Destruction cast him.

Brut. Seize him, *Ædiles*.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[*Draws.*

There are among you who have seen me fighting,
Now come and try the power of this Right Hand.

Men. Down with that Sword. *Tribunes*, withdraw a
while.

Brut. Lay Hands upon him.

Men. Help, *Marcus*, help; ye who are Noble, help,
Both old and young.

All Peop. Down with him! down with him!

[*The Tribunes, Ædiles, and People are drawn in.*

Men. Go, get you to your House, begone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. I pray be gone.

Cor. Stand fast, we have as many Friends as Foes.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The Gods forbid.

I pr'ythee, noble Friend, home to thy House;
Leave us to cure this Cause.

Com. Besides,

'Tis a Mistake to think our Friends are equal:
So far from that, 'tis Odds so disproportion'd
That Numbers cannot reach it. Come away,
For Manhood is call'd Foolery, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence
Before the Rout returns? whose Rage grows mad
As interrupted Waters, which o'erwhelm
What they before supported. Come away.

[*Exeunt Com. and Cor.*

1 Sen. This Man has marr'd his Fortune.

Men. His Nature is too noble for the World.
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Nor for his Thunder *Jove*; his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breast forges, that his Tongue must vent.
And being angry, he forgets that e'er
He heard the Name of Death.

[*Noise within.*

Here's

Here's goodly Work.

1 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*.

What, with a Vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this Viper, that would lay the City
Depopulate and bare; that he might then
Be all in all himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous Hands. He has resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further Tryal,
Than the Severity of the publick Power
Which he so much contemns.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good People,
I might be heard, I then would speak one Word,
The which can be no further detrimental
Than so much loss of Time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous Traytor; for to banish him
Were to prolong our Danger, and to keep him
Were certain Death; therefore 'tis decreed,
This very Night he dies.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose Gratitude
Towards her deserving Children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own Book, like an unnatural Dam,
Should now devour her own.

Brut. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his House, and pluck him thence;
Lest this Infection of Malignant Nature
Spread its contagious Poyson.

Men. Hear me but one word more.
This Tyger-footed Rage, when it shall find
The Harm of thoughtless Swiftnes, will too late
Tye leaden Pounds to its Heels; proceed by Process,
Lest Parties, as he is belov'd, break out,

36 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Brut. Were that the Case indeed——

Sic. Can you demur then?

Have we not had a Taste of his Obedience?

Our *Ædiles* smit, our selves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this; he has been bred to War,
Since he could draw a Sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted Language: Meal and Bran together
He throws without Distinction. Give me leave,
And peaceably I'll undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful Form,
Even at his utmost Peril.

Noble Tribunes,

This is the human Way, the other Course
Will prove too bloody, and the End of it
Unknown to the Beginning.

Sic. Be you, *Menenius*, then the People's Officer.
Masters, lay down your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *Forum*, we'll attend you there;
Where if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed
In our first Way.

Men. I'll bring him to you. [come,
Let me desire your Company. [to Senators.] He must
Or what is worse will follow.

Sen. Come, pray let's to him.

[*Exe.*



S C E N E II. *The House of Coriolanus.*

Enter Coriolanus and Senators.

Cor. Let them set Death in its worst Shape before me,
Upon the Wheel, or at wild Horses Heels,
Or pile ten Hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the vast Precipice might stretch below

The

The very Beam of Sight, yet should they find
That I am still unalter'd.

Enter Volumnia.

Sen. A Roman Spirit!

Cor. I wonder that my Mother
Does not approve of this my just Proceeding:
She who was wont to call them Wooden Vessels,
Things that were bought and sold for wretched Groats,
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The Man I am.

Vol. O Sir, Sir, Sir!

I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Enter Menenius with Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
You must return and mend it. [thing too rough;

1 Sen. There's no Remedy,
Unless, by your Refusal, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be advis'd;
I have a Heart as much resolv'd as yours,
But yet a Brain that teaches me to use
My Anger to advantage.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the Tribunes.

Cor. Well! What then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. To them? I cannot do it to the Gods.
Must I then do it to them?

Enter Cominius.

Com. I from the *Forum* come, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You make your Party strong, or else secure yourself
By Calmness or by Absence; all's in Uproar.

Men. Only fair Speech will do it.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he can bend his Mind to't.

Vol. He must, he will.

Pr'ythee now say you will, and go about it,

38 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Cor. Must I go worship then this monstrous Idol?
Must my base Tongue give to my noble Heart
A Lie that it must bear? Well, I will do it!
And yet were but my single Life at stake,
They first to Dust should grind this Mould of *Marcus*,
And throw it in the Air. Now to the *Forum*;
You have put me to a most unnatural Part,
Which I shall play most awkwardly.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet Son, as thou hast said
My Praises made thee first a valiant Soldier,
To have my Praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do it.
And thou, my Nature, and my generous Mind,
Now leave me for a while: Instead of these,
Some Harlot's wanton Soul inform my Body;
My martial Voice, that like a Trumpet, once,
Was wont to rouse up Valour in our Soldiers,
Grow soft and melting as the warbling Flute,
Small as an Eunuch's Pipe, or Virgin's Voice,
That lulls asleep a Babe: The Smiles of Knaves
Entrench my honest Checks, and may my Eyes
Grow Imitators of the false *Hyena*:

A Beggar's canting Tone possess my Tongue;
And my arm'd Knee, that never bow'd before,
But to the Gods and you, now bend, like his
Who has receiv'd, or who expects an Alms.
Confusion! Must I do this! No, I will not:
Lest I should cease to honour my own Truth;
And by my Body's Action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then,
Whether is greater Condescension, mine
To beg of thee, or ~~thine~~ to ask of them?
Let universal Ruin seize on all,
I laugh at Death, with as large Heart as thou.
Do as thou list! Thy Bravery was mine,

Thou

Thou suck'st it from me, but thy Pride's thy own.

Cor. Come, come, you shall be satisfied.

Mother, I am going to the *Roman Forum*,
Where I will cheat the Rabble of their Loves,
Decoy their Hearts, and cog their very Souls from 'em:
Come home the very Minion of the Crowd,
The Darling of each dirty vile Mechanic.
Just now I go, and Consul I'll return,
Or never trust my Tongue to flatter more.

Hel. Do as you list.

[*Exit.*

Com. Come, come, the Tribunes wait you. Pray
prepare

To answer mildly, for they're arm'd, I hear,
With Accusations stronger than their former.

Cor. The Word is Mildly. Pray now lead the Way,
Let them accuse me by Invention, I
Will answer in mine Honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly; Be it then mildly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinus and Brutus.

Bru. In this part charge him home; that he affects
A Regal Power: If he evade us there,
Then urge him with his Hatred to the People,
And that the Spoil got from the *Antians*
Was ne'er distributed ——— What, will he come?

Enter Edile.

Ed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Ed. With *old Mucienus*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the Poll?

Ed. I have, 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Ed. I have, they're ready.

Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And when they hear our positive Decree

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Pronounc'd by vertue of their Right, then let them
Confirm it by unanimous Consent,
Insisting on their own Original Power.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Sici. When they have begun,
Let them not cease, but with a Dimm confus'd
Inforce th' immediate Execution,
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Bid them be strong, and ready for this Hint,
When we shall chance to give it.

Bru. Go about it.

Provoke him streight to rage. He has been us'd
Ever to conquer, has been still impatient
Of Contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his Heart; and that is there, which we
Expect should break his Neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ye great and tutelary Gods of *Rome*,
Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supply'd with worthy Men: Plant Love among you,
Adorn our Temples with the Pomp of Peace,
And from our Streets drive horrid War away.

I Sen. Amen, Amen.

Men. A Noble Wish.

Enter the Ædile, and the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. List to your Tribunes, give attentive Audience.
Peace, I say.

Cor. First hear me speak.

Both Trib. Well, say. Peace, ho.

Cor. What is the Reason,
That being pass'd for Consul, with full Voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very Hour
You take it off again?

Sici.

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then, 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all limited and lawful Power,
And to establish lawless, boundless Sway,
For which you are a Traytor to the People.

Cor. How, Traytor!

Men. Nay, temperately: your Promise.

Cor. The Fires of lowest Hell confound the People!
Call me their Traytor, thou injurious Tribune!
Within thy Eyes sat twenty thousand Deaths,
As many Millions in thy threatening Hands,
Both Numbers doubled in thy Lying Tongue,
Still would I dare to tell thee, with a Voice
As free as I invoke the Gods, thou ly'st.

Sic. Hear him, ye *Romans*..

All. To the Rock with him.

Sic. Silence.

We need not lay new Matter to his Charge.
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak;
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Law with Force, and here defying
Those whose unquestionable Power must try him,
This Criminal, this Capital Offence,
Deserves th' extreamest Death.

Bru. But since he has serv'd well for *Rome*——

Cor. What, do you prate of Service?

Bru. I talk of that, who know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the Promise that you made your Mother?

Com. Pray know——

Cor. I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* Death,
Vagabond Exile, fleeing, starving, lingering
But with a Grain a Day, I would not buy
Their Mercy at the Price of one fair Word;
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To have it for Good-Morrow.

Sic.

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Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from Time to Time,
Annoy'd, oppress'd the People, seeking means
To overturn their Power; and now at last
Given hostile Strokes, not only in the Presence
Of dreaded Justice, but upon its Ministers;
We, in the People's Name, and People's Power,
Even from this instant banish him our City,
Ne'er to re-enter *Rome*, but on the Pain
Of being thrown headlong from the Rock *Tarpeian*;
And in the People's Name, and People's Power,
We here once more pronounce it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away;
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common Friends.

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.

Sic. Speak, what?

Bru. 'Tis now too late; th' Offender has been sentenc'd,

And he is banish'd as a Foe to *Rome*,
And to the *Roman* People; and it shall be so.

All. It shall be, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of Curs, whose Breath I hate,

As the contagious Reek of rotten Fens;
Whose Loves I prize, as the dead Carcasses
Of Men unbury'd, which corrupt the Air;
I from *Coriolanus* banish you,
And here remain with your Uncertainty.
Let ev'ry feeble Rumour shake your Hearts;
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes,
Fan you into Despair; have still the Power
To banish your Defenders, till at length,
Your Ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Delivers you most despicable Captives,
To Foes that shall without a Blow subdue you,
And therefore scorn your City and your selves.

For

For me, thus, thus, I turn my Back upon you,
And make a better World where'er I go.

Sic. Masters, go home; the *Ædiles* shall attend him,
And see him forth the Gates. [*Ex. Tribunes and People*]

Cor. But here comes Company will try my Firmness;
From these my parting will not be so easy.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia.

Com. We must not be at this sad Interview;
We'll meet you at the Gates.

Cor. There I'll expect you.

Men. Till then farewell. [*Ex. Com. and Men.*]

Vol. O *Marcus, Marcus*, whither art thou going?

Cor. Nay, Mother,
Where is your Ancient Courage? You were wont
To say they were Extreams that try'd Mens Spirits;
That common Chances common Men could bear.
Where are the noble Precepts that you taught me?
Those Precepts that could make invincible
The Heart that learnt them.

Vol. Now may the red right Hand of *Jove* con-
found

All Trades in *Rome*, and all Employments perish.

Cor. What, what, what!
When I am wanted, I shall be lov'd.
Nay, Mother,
Resume that Spirit that was wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your Husband so much Toil. I need not tell you,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable Strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. Mother, Farewell.

Vol. Farewell my Son; I leave thee to *Virgilia*,
She has most need of Comfort. [*Exit.*]

Cor. And thou, my dear *Virgilia*—

Virg. Never bid me farewell, I ne'er will leave thee;
But where thou goest, thy faithful Mate will follow.

Cor. Alas, thou talk'st of things impossible.
Can'st thou endure the hardships I must suffer?

Virg.

44 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

Virg. 'Tis parting, parting, is the dreadful hardship ;
I can bear any thing if thou art with me,
Without thee nothing.——

Alas, he hears This cold and unconcern'd !
Look, if he sheds one pitying Tear at parting !
See, if he casts one tender mournful Look,
Or throws one Sigh from his obdurate Heart.

Cor. Is it for me, before my insulting Foes,
To shew my Grief by Tears, to mourn like Women ?
Or Men like Women: They who make me grieve
Shall feel, not see, my Sorrow ; they shall feel
The greatness of my Grief in my Revenge.
By all that's binding upon Earth, or awful in the Skies,
I will revenge thy Grief, and mine, *Virgilia*.
Then temperate thy Sorrow, lest the Wretches
In thee, my dearer Part, insult o'er me.

Virg. Have I the Power to moderate my Sorrow ?
Can human Nature part with all its Happiness,
And never once complain ?

Cor. Imitate me ; compose, at least, thy Outside,
Suppress thy Sighs, tho' all within's unquiet.

Virg. As soon the Soul may from the Body part
Without a Groan, as I can from my *Marcius*.
Ah, how can I resolve to part for ever ?
For ever, *Marcius*, has a fearful Sound.

Cor. Then think'st thou that I take my' Eternal
leave ?

Virg. Thou know'st that to return is certain Death.

Cor. Yes, Death and Vengeance to th' accursed Tri-
bunes.

Before yon Planet has renew'd its Orb,
I that depart from hence an empty Cloud,
Fraught with Destructive Thunder will return,
And break upon them with avoidless Ruin.

Virg. Yet my sad Heart with doleful Beatings tells
me
We part for ever.

Cor. No ; e'er yon Moon repoints her blunted Horns,
I

I will chastize my Foes, and comfort thee.

Virg. But whither art thou going?

Cor. Where I can find Revenge.

Virg. Shall I not hear from thee?

Cor. Yes, if my Actions answer to my Thoughts;
The Universe shall hear from me.

Virg. I shall be dead of Grief e'er thou return'st.

Cor. My Mother soon will teach thee nobler Passions,

And tell thee, that my Wife should mourn like *Jove's*,
With Grief that meditates Revenge.

Now for one parting Kiss, one last Embrace.

Virg. The last! Thou kill'st me, *Marcus*.

Cor. Now all the Gods protect thee.

Virg. When thou desert'st me ev'ry God forsakes me,

Cor. Adieu!

In quest of great Revenge thy Lover flies.

Virg. Support me, Virgins, for *Virgilia* dies. [*Exe.*]

The End of the Third ACT.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Antium.*

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A Goodly City is this *Antium*, City!
 'Tis I that made thy Widows; many an Heir
 Of these fair Edifices, by my Hand
 Has groaning bit the Ground. Then know me not,
 Lest that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with Stones
 In puny Battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, Sir, where great *Aufidius* lies.
 Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. This very Night he holds a solemn Council,
 And, at his House, he feasts our Prime Nobility.

Cor. Which is his House, Sir?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir; farewell.

[*Ex. Cit.*]

O World, thy slippery Turns! Friends now fast sworn,
 Who in two Breasts now seem to wear one Heart,
 Whose very Souls seem Twins, which Fate has blended
 Inseparably, shall within this Hour,
 On a Dissention of a Doit, break out
 To bitter'st Enmity. So fellest Foes,
 Whose Passions and whose Plots have broke their Sleep,
 T' attempt each other's Ruin, by some Chance,
 Some Trick, not worth a Drachma, shall grow Friends
 And intermix their Offspring. Who e'er thought

To

To see the Hour when I should court *Aufidius*,
To be reveng'd upon ungrateful *Rome*? [Exit.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, come, what Service is here?
Hey, where are you all? Drunk before the Guests, by
this Light!

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly House, and splendid Entertainment;
But I appear not an invited Guest.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, Friend? Whence are
you? Here's no room for paltry Companions. Come
to the Door, march, march.

Cor. Just such a Welcome *Coriolanus* ought
T'expect from *Volsians*.

Enter 2 Servant.

2 *Serv.* Heyday, who have we here? This, by his
Garb and Mien, should be one of those Creatures whom
they call a Hanger-on, a Spunger, or Smell-Feast.
Whence do you come, Friend? Pray, how far have
you nos'd this Supper in the Wind?

1 *Serv.* This Fellow, I'll warrant, as naturally smells
a Supper while 'tis a dressing, as a sagacious Hog spies
the Wind as 'tis coming. Has the Porter his Eyes in
his Head, that he gives Entrance to such Companions?
Go, get you out, go.

Cor. Away. [Strikes him.

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Vanish, thou Phantom, vanish. [Kicks him.

2 *Serv.* I am so horribly frightened, that I really don't
know whether I have been kick'd or no.

1 *Serv.* As certainly as I have been cuff'd, *Tony*.
We may be Evidences one for another, and sufficient
Damages we may recover. I would not part with my
Cuff for five Sesterces.

2 *Serv.* I would not give him my Kick again for ten.
But here comes *Mark*, we'll bring him into this Business
as sure as the Day.

Enter

*Enter 3d. Servant.**3 Serv.* What Fellow's this?

1 Serv. Hark, in your Ear, *Mark*; here is a poor Creature almost famish'd; the smell of this Supper has attracted the Wretch, as Loadstone does the Iron. Now, my Master's Orders you know are very strict, that none but the Guests, and their Servants, should enter. This Fellow must be got out, d'you see; and be got out without roughness he cannot; we have tried gentle Means already. Now Roughness, my Friend *Tony* and I have not the Hearts to use, 'tis such a meek, humble, good-natur'd Creature.

3 Serv. A Couple of Milk-Sops; let me alone.*1 Serv.* Well, well, we leave you.*2 Serv.* To be kick'd, *Tony*.

1 Serv. And cuff'd, *Pompey*: A Man ought, you know, to share his Fortune with his Friend. Let us step behind this Skreen, and wait the Event.

3 Serv. Hey, you Fellow.*Cor.* Ha!

3 Serv. Ay, Fellow; so I say, Sir; you Fellow, you that stare as if you were a star-gazing. What, a murrain, are we about to tell Fortunes here? I'll tell you your Fortune with a Vengeance. Do you know, my dear Friend, that somebody under this Roof will be kick'd immediately? Ay, so I say, kick'd, my dear Friend; kick'd for his Impudence and his Impertinence, for intruding where he had nought to do, and for provoking his Betters? Do you know this, my dear Friend?

Cor. Serve with thy Trencher, hence. [*Kicks him.*
1st and 2d Servants appear and laugh.

1 Serv. *Mark* has it as well as we.*2 Serv.* A true Fortune-teller, by *Jove*.

1 Serv. Do you know, my dear Friend, that some Body under this Roof will be kick'd immediately?

2 Serv. Kick'd, for his Impudence and his Impertinence; do you know this, my dear Friend?

3 Serv.

3 *Ser.* Ah Vengeance seize you both.— Sir, you're a most worthy, most deserving Person, and if I can do you any Service——

Cor. I want your Master, Sirrah.

3 *Ser.* Sir, step but into the next Room, and have a Moment's Patience till the Guests have sup'd, and I'll go up to him. Be pleas'd to walk this way, Sir.

[*Exit Coriol.*]

SCENE *draws and discovers Aufidius and the Senators at Table.*

1 *Lord.* Be not so hasty, *Tullus*; stay to Night.

Auf. After your Lordships leave me, not an Hour:
The Troops are, by my Orders, march'd already,
And our Success depends on our Dispatch.
For we may likely take in several Towns
Before that *Rome's* provided to resist us:
Whose wisest Senators have been deceiv'd,
By trusting to our late dissembled yielding;
And so disbanding hastily their Troops,
While we maintain'd, and even augmented ours,
Have naked and defenceless left their Frontiers.

2 *Lord.* My Lords, if my Intelligence proves true,
There is a further and a stronger Reason
Why *Tullus* should set forth without delay:
For now the Senate and the *Roman* People
Highly against each other are incens'd:
The Tribunes have Impeach'd, and mean to Try,
For Capital Offences, *Caius Marcius*,
Rome's brave Defender, and our mortal Foe.

Auf. Then, if we march while this Dissention's warm,
We bear down all before us like a Deluge;
For *Caius Marcius* was the only *Roman*,
Who, when his Country had no Army ready,
Could raise one by his Breath alone, as *Jove*
First made the World, by saying Let it be.
You may remember when in the late Dearth,
The People, mutinying, refus'd the Service,
He, in a Morning, muster'd up his Friends,

E

And

And made a terrible Incursion on us,
Which ruin'd half our Territory.

3 *Lord.* *Aufidius*, thou commend'st him like a Friend.

Auf. Life hates not Death so much as I do *Marcus*,
Yet I'll do Justice to the Worth I have.

Even when his Country had an Army rais'd,
What was that Army when-e'er he was absent?
He was the Soul of all their warlike Enterprises.
Was it their Army that reduc'd *Cominius*?

No; 'twas the conqu'ring Arm of *Marcus* only;
Who, by that wondrous Action, lost his Name,
And found a nobler, with Immortal Glory.
Who beat the Troops which I in Person led?
Was it *Cominius*, *Rome's* Commander? No.

I drove *Cominius* and his Troops before me,
As Whirlwinds drive the Dust;
In Skill, in Stratagem, in Feats of Arms,
Their bravest *Romans* I surpass'd and foil'd,
Till *Marcus* came against me, like a God,
By Force divine o'er-pow'ring human Nature.
Conquest attended him where-e'er he came,
And Fortune follow'd him as Fate does *Jove*.
Where-e'er he came, Skill, Valour, Stratagem,
All in a Moment were constrain'd to yield,
Or by their Perseverance shew'd their Impotence,
And grew ridiculous.

1 *Lord.* Perhaps the Tribunes may to Death pursue him.

Auf. No, that, my Lords, they neither can nor dare,
For the *Patricians* are too fast his Friends:
But they eternally may disoblige him;
Which if they do, O then that we could gain him.

2 *Lord.* I'd give, methinks, a third of my whole
Fortune,

To see him here in *Antium* as a Friend.

3 *Lord.* That sight would be most welcome to us all.

1 *Lord.* To all most welcome, but most wonderful.

Auf. Twelve times in single Combat I have try'd him,
And twelve times shamefully have from him fled.

For

For which tho' to the Death I ought to hate him,
Yet always shall my private Passions yield
To what's my Country's universal Good.

*Enter 1 Servant and Coriolanus at a Distance; the
other two Servants appear at the Door.*

1 Serv. Sir, Sir, Sir. [Pulling Aufidius.

Auf. What would the Fool have?

1 Serv. The Fool has earnest Business, Sir, as Fools
now-a-Days generally have; here's an odd sort of a Fel-
low that is resolv'd to speak with you, whether you
will or no.

Auf. What's his Business?

1 Serv. I know not; I believe a Wager.

Auf. Sirrah, what Wager?

1 Serv. I believe he has laid that he will kick your
Family round. All but your Honour have lost it al-
ready.

Auf. Sirrah, because as you're a Fool I sometimes
Have given you privilege to prate, you think
Your beastly Tongue has a perpetual Licence.
Where is this Fellow?

My Lords, I beg your Pardon for a Moment.

[Comes to the front of the Stage.

Whences com'st thou, and what would'st thou? What's
thy Name?

Cor. Dost thou not know me, Tullus?

Auf. No: thy Name.

Cor. A Name unmusical to *Folstian* Ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Can'st thou not speak it?

Cor. Methinks thy Guardian Genius should inform
thee,

Nature her self should, rearing, take th' alarm,
And thy pure Blood, which I've so often shed,
Should swiftly to thy panting Heart retire,
And whisper there what mortal Foe is here.

Auf. Now by the God of War there breaths but one
Man

E 2

Who

52 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*
Who dares to talk, or dares to look like thee.
How hast thou dar'd to appear thus here alone?
Think'st thou to carry *Antium* like *Corioli*,
That thou art here unseconded, unguarded?

Cor. 'Tis *Rome*, not *Antium*, that I come to carry.

Auf. What say'st thou?

Cor. Would'st thou revenge thy Country, or thy self?
If 'tis thy self thou would'st revenge, here strike,
Ungrateful *Rome* will thank thee for the Blow.

Auf. Ye Gods, what's this I hear!

Cor. But if thou would'st revenge thy Country's
Wrongs,

Behold me here, no common Friend to *Antium*,
No vulgar Foe to *Rome*; for I will fight
Against my canker'd Country, with the Spleen
Of the Infernal Furies.

Auf. What has it done? what caus'd this wondrous
Change?

Cor. *Tullus*, thou see'st me here a banish'd Man.

Auf. Banish'd! Is't possible!

Cor. Hoop'd out of *Rome* by vile accursed Slaves,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsaken me: For which may Fortune,
And every Guardian God of *Rome* forsake them.
Tullus, I come to make a noble Barter with thee;
Give me Revenge, I'll give thee Victory.

Auf. O *Marcus*, *Marcus*,
Each word thou hast spoke has weeded from my Heart
A Root of ancient Envy. If that *Jupiter*
Should from yon glittering Firmament, in Thunder
Speak things Divine, I'd not believe 'em more
Than thee, all noble *Marcus*. Let me twine
My Arms about that Body, against which
My shiver'd Spear a hundred times has broke,
And scarr'd the Moon with Splinters. Here I embrace
The Anvil of my Sword, and here contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
As ever in ambitious Strength I did

Contend

Contend against thy Valour. Know, thou Hero,
 I lov'd the Maid I married, never Man
 Sigh'd truer Breath; but, that I see thee here,
 Thou noble Soul, more ravishes my Heart,
 Than when I first my wedded Mistress saw
 Pass blushing o'er my Threshold to my Bed.
 Thou art arriv'd, thou Thunderbolt of War,
 Even in the dreadful *Crisis* of *Rome's* Fate.
 Even now our Troops are marching, and I purpos'd
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
 Or lose my Arm for't. Thou hast worsted me
 Twelve several Times, and I have nightly since
 Dream'd of Encounters 'twixt thy self and me:
 We have been down together, in my Sleep,
 Unbuckling Helms, fisting each other's Throats,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcus*,
 Had we no Quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou thence art banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring War
 Into the Bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold Deluge mark our Way with Ruin.
 Let me present you to our Friendly Senators,
 Who now to take their leaves of me are here.

Cor. You bless me, Gods! [*They go to the Table.*]

Auf. My Lords, what you have wish'd so oft in
 vain,

But what we thought no God would dare to promise,
 Fortune and Time have of themselves effected.

Behold the noble *Caius Marcus* here,
 The Friend of *Antium*, and the Foe of *Rome*.

All Sen. Ha, *Caius Marcus* here! [*All rise.*]

Auf. Banish'd from *Rome* by his ungrateful Country.

1 *Sen.* Ha, banish'd!

2 *Sen.* Immortal *Jupiter*!

3 *Sen.* What Miracle is this!

4 *Sen.* Let us bow down before the Godlike Man.

1 *Sen.* Welcome to *Antium*; yes, a thousand Wel-
 comes.

E 3

4 *Sen.*

44 *The Invader of his Country: Or,*

4 *Sen.* With you, the Tutelary Gods of *Rome*,
Are come to dwell among us.

3 *Sen.* When your ungrateful Country banish'd you
It pass'd a fatal Sentence on it self.

1 *Sen.* *Rome* in that Moment fell from all its Glory.

2 *Sen.* Now, in its turn, our *Volscian* State will
rise.

4 *Sen.* You come to Reign, and to Command a-
mong us.

And, if you would revenge your barbarous Wrongs
On your ungrateful Country, we have Troops
That march against it now, and good *Aufidius*
Is proud to share with you his high Commission.

Auf. Most proud of such a Partner.

Cor. My Lords, you overwhelm me with your Kind-
ness:

But my bold Hand, not Tongue, shall shew my Gra-
titude.

Auf. For me, I must away within an Hour,
Marcus may take a Night's Repose, and follow.

Cor. Behind you *Marcus* will not stay a moment.
Repose but feeds my inward Agitation,
While Vengeance preys upon my burning Entrails;
But Motion that will hasten dire Revenge
Will give me Ease of Mind.

By the Reception which I meet with here,
And by the Usage which I found at *Rome*,
Who would not take this *Antium* for the City
For which I all my Life had fought and conquer'd;
And *Rome* the hostile Country, of whose Natives
I, from a Boy, had made perpetual Slaughter.

Enter a Centurion.

Cent. Where is the General?

Auf. What are thy Tydings? Say.

Cent. The Troops that march'd this Evening, have
already,

Without Resistance, pass'd the *Roman* Frontiers,
And mark'd their way with Blood and Devastation.

The

The Roman Territory's in a Flame,
With which the Welkin glows; th' impartial Sword
Spares neither Age nor Sex, Degree nor Order,
But makes promiscuous Slaughter of our Foes.
Confusion and Dismay seize all who escape,
And all to their wall'd Towns for Refuge fly,
And all those Towns send Post to Rome for Succour.
Suffius, your Lieutenant, begs, by me,
That you would haste to joyn th' impatient Troops,
And take th' Advantage of their eager Fire,
And of the Foe's surprize.

Auf. To, Horse without delay. Now, noble *Marcus*,
E'er thrice the Sun his flaming Course renews,
Capricious Rome shall curse the fatal Hour
That e'er she dar'd to banish her Defender.

Cor. I wait on you.

Auf. My Lords, we take our leaves.
May Fortune be propitious to your Lordships.

All Sen. Glory and Victory attend *Aufidius*,
And thee, most noble *Marcus*.

Auf. Sirrah, do you attend me to the Gate,
That you may take my Orders as I go. [*Exeunt.*]

1 *Serv.* Here's an Alteration!

2 *Serv.* By *Jove*, I thought to have cudgell'd him;
and yet my Mind gave me his Cloaths made a false Re-
port of him.

1 *Serv.* What an Arm he has! He turn'd me a-
bout with a Finger and a Thumb, as one would set
up a Top.

2 *Serv.* And what a Foot he has! Well, I have
had five hundred Kicks, but never had such a Kick be-
fore! He mounted me like a Foot-Ball.

1 *Serv.* Well, this Frolick began with my Master.
This *Caius Marcus* has been us'd to Cudgel him. So
that we Servants have had an Honourable Beating.

2 *Serv.* What do you say! Us'd to Cudgel the Ge-
neral!

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1 *Serv.* Well Saucebox! What if I did say Cudgel the General? Did not the General say so himself? Pray what did he do before *Corioli*? Did not he Scotch him and Notch him like a Certonedo? Gad, if our General had not shewn the wrong side of himself, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Oh Slaves! I can tell you News, News you Rascals.

1 and 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? Let us partake.

3 *Serv.* Well! I would not be a *Roman* of all Nations under the Sun, I had as lief be a condemn'd Person.

1 and 2 *Serv.* Ay! Why so?

3 *Serv.* Why this Offspring of *Hector* will carry my Master directly to *Rome*, and lug the Porter of *Rome* Gates by the Ears. He will mow down all before him. *Rome* will soon come into my Master's Hands. The *Romans* will be all turn'd out of their Places, and we who are Scoundrels now shall immediately become great Men.

1 *Serv.* What, we Footmen become great Men?

3 *Serv.* Why, what if we are Footmen, Puppy? How many Footmen, since I can remember, have I known prefer'd? Or Fellows worse than Footmen? Do not we see every Day a proud Splenetick Puppy tolling backwards in a Gilt Chariot, when all the Town remembers, that twenty Years ago they saw him ride behind it? I tell you, we shall be all great Men.

1 and 2 *Serv.* Ay, ay, we shall be all three very great Men.

3 *Serv.* But now do you know how to behave yourselves, you Rascals, when you come to be great!

1 *Serv.* Not I, by *Jupiter*.

2 *Serv.* Nor I, by *Hercules*.

3 *Serv.* Then observe, and take Example by me. When I come to be a great Man, I will have but half my Memory, and no Ears at all in my Head.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* And why but half your Memory?

3 *Serv.* I will remember to mawl my Enemies, and forget to do good to my Friends.

2 *Serv.* But why no Ears in your Head?

3 *Serv.* I will have them remov'd a little nearer to my Pockets.

1 *Serv.* Whither must that be?

3 *Serv.* Why, to the Palms of my Hands, you Scoundrel! He who speaks to me, speaks to me here.

[*Pointing to his Hand.*]

He who speaks to any other part of me, is an impertinent Fellow, and talks to the Deaf.

1 *Serv.* But how will you pass your Time, when you come to be great?

3 *Serv.* Why, as that sort of great Men does who with great Fortunes have little Understandings, and low Thoughts in high Stations. All the Morning I will be doing nothing, in secret and in State. And while I am doing nothing gravely and mysteriously, I will be as inaccessible, and as uncomatable, as if I were Wisdom or Honesty.

2 *Serv.* But how will you pass your Afternoons?

3 *Serv.* Why, just as I pass my Mornings; in doing nothing; only I will see a Friend or two.

1 *Serv.* What, Wits, Virtuosi, Politicians I warrant you.

3 *Serv.* No: Fools, you Puppy. Folly in Brocade shall be my Companion, and Merit in Rags shall be my Door-keeper. But, to pin the Basket, as soon as I come to be great, I will use the State as a Sharper does his Bubble, I will flatter it and cajole it egregiously, express flaming Zeal for its Service, talk of nothing but Public Spirit, and the Love of my Country; but at the same time I will cheat my dear Country most damnably, yet rail most vehemently at any one who has it in his Power to cheat it more than my self. If I can but fill my own Coffers, I care not one Farthing if my dear

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dear Country is five hundred Millions in Debt, and Bankrupt past recovery.

1 *Serv.* Oh rare *Mark*, he has not liv'd twenty Years in the Service of great Men for nothing.

2 *Serv.* *Mark* has had his Eyes and his Ears open.

1 *Serv.* He will certainly be a very great Man.

3 *Serv.* Why Sirrah! I am a greater Man than you may imagine already. I am *Fattorum* and *Major-Demo*, and Viceroy in my Master's Absence. Look here is the Key of the Wine Cellar, Sirrah! Come, I'll begin my Reign with an Act of Grace; carry you two down into my Kingdom of Darkness, pierce a fresh Hoghead, and thereby depriving you of your little Understandings, absolutely gain your Affections. [Exit.]



SCENE ROME.

Enter the two Tribunes and Menenius.

Bru. Then you hear nothing from him?

Men. No, I hear nothing;

His Mother and his Wife hear nothing from him.

Bru. In War this *Marcus* was a worthy Officer;
But insolent in Peace, o'ercome with Pride;
Ambitious even beyond Imagination,
And doating on himself.

Sic. And aiming at perpetual Sovereignty.

Men. Had *Caius Marius* aim'd at Sovereignty
He would have been more popular.
For the *Patrician* who enslaves this People
Must do it by themselves.

Sic. We should, by this, have felt his Tyranny,
To all our Sorrows, had he gone forth Consul.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and easy still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,

There

There is a Slave, whom we have thrown in Prison,
Reports, the *Volsians*, with two several Powers,
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories,
And with the deepest Malice of the War
Destroy what lies before them.

Bru. Go for this Rumourer whipt for his bold Lie.
The *Volsians*, whom so lately we reduc'd,
Have not the Heart to break with us.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Fathers, in great Earnestness, are going
All to the Senate House; some News is come
That turns their Countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this Slave.
Whip him before the People's Eyes, for daring
Thus to disturb the Town by his Invention.

Mess. But, worthy Sir,
The Slave's Report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. Sir, 'tis by many Mouths deliver'd freely,
How probably I cannot tell, that *Marcus*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, marches against *Rome*,
And vows Revenge as ample as between
The youngest and the oldest of our *Romans*.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Marcus* home again.

Sic. The very Trick on't.

Men. This is improbable, and highly so;
He and *Aufidius* are no more compatible
Than the two Branches of a Contradiction.

Enter second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Marcus*,
Associated with fell *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our Territories, and already
Have mark'd their way with Fire, and Blood, and Ruin.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh! you have made rare Work!

Men.

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Men. What News, what News?

Com. Yes, you have helpt to ravish your own Daughters!

To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Men. What is the News, what is the News, *Cominius*?
If *Marcus* should be join'd with *Volsians*—

Com. If *Marcus* should be join'd——

Why he's their God, he leads them like a Being
Made by some nobler Artist than meer Nature,
That forms Man perfecter, and shapes him better.
And under him they march with no less Confidence,
Than Heroes when commanded by a God.

Men. Oh! you have made good Work!

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your Ears.

Men. As *Hercules* the Pillars which he rais'd.
You have made fair Work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. As sure as you'll look pale, and tremble too,
Before you find it other; all the Regions
With cheerfulness revolt, they who resist
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fools. And who can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find something in him,
Tho' you so much contemn'd him.

Men. We are all undone, unless the Godlike Man
Have Mercy equal to forgiving Gods.

Com. And who shall dare to ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame, the People
Deserve such Pity of him as the Wolf
Does of the Shepherd: Which of his best Friends
Has not deserted him, and seem'd his Enemy?

Men. True! Were he putting to my House the Brand
Which should consume it, I have not the Face
To say, I beg you cease. You have made fair Hands:
You and your Crafts-Men, you have crafted fair,

Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of Help,

Exit.

Trib. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him.
But yet, like timorous Beasts, and dastard Nobles,
Submitted basely to your Noisy Clusters,
And passively beheld him hooted from our Walls.

Com. But they, I fear, who thus could hoot him out,
Will roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second Name of Men, obeys his Nod,
As if he were his Subaltern: Despair
Is all the Strength, Defence and Policy
That *Rome* can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Clusters!
And is *Aufidius* with him! You are they
That made the Air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy Caps in nauseous hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a Hair upon a Soldier's Head
Which will not prove a Scorpion.
As many Coxcombs as you threw up Caps,
He'll tumble down, and pay you for your Voices.
Nay, 'tis no Matter.
If he could burn us all into one Coal,
We have deserv'd to be consum'd together.

All Cit. Faith, we hear fearful News.

1 *Cit.* For my own part,
When I said Banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I. And, to say the Truth, so did
very many of us; nay, indeed, all of us.

All Cit. Ay, all of us.

Com. All of you say so! How came he banish'd then?

1 *Cit.* What we did, we did for the best; and tho'
we consented to his Banishment, yet was it against our
Wills.

[Voices!

Com. Against your Wills! You goodly things, you
Who urg'd you on to such a fatal Injury?

1 *Cit.* Why e'en our worthy Tribunes.

Com.

The Intruder of his Country. Or,

Com. Why then your worthy Tribunes are the Persons
Who have laid waste the *Roman* Territory,
Have brought their Country to the brink of Ruin,
Have to the Temples of our Gods set Fire,
Have fix'd the murdering Knife to all your Throats,
And, to the Arms of lewd Licentious Ruffians,
Have given your Wives and Daughters. So farewell.

1 Cit. O terrible!

Com. Come on, *Mucius*, let us to the Capitol.

[*Exe. Com. and Men.*]

2 Cit. Have our Tribunes done all this?

3 Cit. The Furies break their Necks for it.

4 Cit. What need we trouble the damn'd Neighbours,
for what we can do ourselves. We are the Furies.

All Cit. Ay, we are the Furies, we are the Furies.
To the Rock, to the Rock with them.

Bru. How!

Sic. What do I hear?

4 Cit. The Punishment they design'd for *Coriolanus*,
let them feel themselves.

All Cit. To the Rock, to the Rock with them.

Bru. Hear me, my Masters.

1 Cit. No, no, you have prated us into Mischief
enough already, a Plague o' your Rhetorical Throats
for it.

Sic. Can you refuse to hear us then, my Masters?

2 Cit. No, by no Means, but you shall begin gentle
leap first.

4 Cit. We shall see what a delicate Speech you'll
make when your Neck's broke.

All Cit. To the Rock, to the Rock, away with 'em.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Aufidius and four Tribunes.

Auf. **N**EVER was such a Torrent of Success.
Where-e'er we march we mark our Way with
Ruin.

1 Trib. The Roman Territories are so alter'd,
So chang'd from what they were with the wild waste,
The very Natives wilder'd, lose their way;
And the Possessors of the Fertile Soil
Behold their own, and seeing it require it.

2 Trib. Beholding too the Romans, we require them.
Where are those Spirits that appear'd intrepid?
Those Spirits at whose sight our *Vostian* Troops
So often have turn'd pale with shivering Terror.

Auf. The Soul of *Caius Marcius* was the Spirit
Invigorating all; now he has left them,
The whole vast Body is become a Lump
Of lifeless and half animated Clay.

3 Trib. At least in *Rome* it self we thought to have
found
Some firmness; even there, on our approach,
Confusion and wild Uproar seem to lord it,
And even the Brave despair; while Peasants fly
To them for shelter, they forsake their Walls,
And wanting Firmness to expect their Fate,
Come out to meet it here.

4 Trib. Their very Priests rely on Heaven no more,
No more fall prostrate before *Mars* or *Jove*,
But leaving all their Temples unattended,

In

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In full Proceſſion bow the Knee to *Marcus*;
As if that *Marcus* were the only God
On whom, for their Deliverance, they depend.

Auf. Their Priests are fearful, superstitious Fools,
And proud or humble, always in excess.
But even their Heroes, and their Sages come;
Cominius and *Menenius* have been here, [*Marcus*:
The Fellow-Conqueror one, and both the Friends of
Both bow'd their Knees, and both employ'd their Prayers,
Both cry'd for Mercy, and both cry'd in vain.

4 *Trib.* *Menenius*, by the moving Tale he told,
Of what his Country suffer'd, melted all;
But *Marcus* still remain'd unmov'd, inflexible.

Auf. Tribune, you must mistake, for I observ'd him
Look under with his Eyes, while he with Pain
Restrain'd the Moisture struggling to get free:
And much I question how he will sustain
This next and last Effort which *Rome* prepares.

3 *Trib.* What may that be?

Auf. A tender Train of mournful Ladies, with them
His Mother, and his Wife, and little Children,
Kneeling and holding up their Hands for Mercy.
Intelligence, on which I may depend,
Imports as much. If he at last relents—

1 *Trib.* If he relents, he dies.

2 *Trib.* If he relents, this Dagger's in his Heart.

3 *Trib.* And mine.

4 *Trib.* And mine.

Auf. Away. 'Tis true, if he relents he dies,
But shall not safely be oppress'd by odds,
I, in so just Cause, alone suffice.

4 *Trib.* You! will you set your Life against a Traytor's,
And to blind Fortune trust your Country's Cause?
Suppose he kills you?

Auf. If he kills me, know
Aufidius will fall worthy of himself,
And of the Glory of his great Forefathers.
Yet for the sake of *Antony*, I'll take care

Not

Not to fall unreveng'd. But see, he comes :
I must receive him. To my Tent repair,
And there expect my coming.

All. We will.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Auf. Now, noble *Marcus*, what is to be done?

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome*, to-Morrow,
Set down our Host. My Partner in this Action,
You must acquaint the *Volscian* Lords how plainly
In all this matter I have born my self.

Auf. You have regarded them alone, have stopt
Your Ears against the general Suit of *Rome*;
Refus'd all private Whispers, even with those
Who thought themselves secure of you.

Cor. This last old Man,
Who with a broken Heart went back to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the Measure of a Father;
Nay, deify'd me rather. Their last Refuge
Was to send him, for whose old Love I have,
Tho' I to him appear'd inexorable,
Offer'd the first Conditions they refus'd,
And cannot now, accept to grace him only,
Who thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded to. Fresh Embassies and Suits,
Nor from the State, nor private Friends, hereafter
Will I lend Ear to. Ha, what Shout is that? [*Shout.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my Vow
The Moment that I make it? No, I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, Y. Marcus, with
other Ladies and Attendants.*

Auf. *Marcus*, see here a mournful moving Train.

Cor. Ha, Gods! a mournful moving Train indeed!
My Wife comes foremost, then the honour'd Mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and, in her Hand,
The Grand-Child to her Blood. But my Resentment
All Bond and Privilege and Nature breaks,
And lets dull Obstinacy now be Virtue.

F

Auf.

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Auf. Ay, *Marcus*, bear this great, this utmost Tryal,
And thou hast reach'd the Top of Mortal Glory.
I leave you.

Cor. Nay, *Tullus*, you must stay and see —

Auf. Excuse me;
Such Entertainments want no Standers-by,
And your Integrity to me's unquestion'd.
I leave you to receive them. [Exit.

Cor. What is that Curt'fy worth? Or those Dove's
Eyes,

Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger Earth than others. O for a Kiss!
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge.
Now, by the jealous Queen of Love, that Kiss
I carry'd from my Love, and my true Lip
Hath ever since preserv'd it like a Virgin.
But oh, ye Gods, while fondly thus I talk,
See the most noble Mother of the World
Stands unsaluted; sink my Knee in Earth,
Of my deep Duty more Impression shew
Than that of common Sons.

Vol. Have you forgot this Lady?

Cor. The noble Sister of *Poplicola*,
The Moon of *Rome*, chaste as the Isle
That's cruded by the Frost from purest Snow,
And hangs upon the Temple of *Diana*.

Vol. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th' Interpretation of full Time
May shew like all your self.

Cor. The God of Soldiers;
With the Consent of supreme *Jove*, inform
Thy Thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To Shame invulnerable, and shew in Battel
Like a great Sea Mark, standing ev'ry Flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

Vol. Ev'n he; your Wife, *Valeria*, and my self,
And all this Train of noble *Roman* Ladies,
Are Suitors to you.

Cor.

Cor. For any thing, except ungrateful *Rome*.

Vol. *Rome*, tho' ungrateful, is your Country still.

Cor. No; *Rome*, that cast me out, disown'd her
Offspring;

And doubly I disown th' ungrateful City,

And *Volscian Antium* is my Country now:

'Tis *Antium* feeds, distinguishes, adores me,

Whereas *Rome* threw me out with basest Contumely.

Vol. I never knew the Rabble yet was *Rome*;

Yet ev'n the Rabble have reveng'd thy Cause,

Have thrown their Tribunes from the Rock *Turpeian*,

And voted thy Repeal.

Cor. For that I thank my *Volscians*, and not them;

And I will laugh at their vile Fears, and use them

As my most deadly Foes; nay, my Revenge

Shall reach the very Walls that now protect them;

Yes, I'll destroy the very Walls that shelter them.

Vol. 'Tis a wild Vengeance,

That like an Earthquake, or a general Deluge,

Sweeps good and bad in a promiscuous Ruin:

- Our noble Senators are all your Friends.

Cor. No Coward ever can be term'd a Friend,

A Coward loves himself too well to be a Friend;

And 'twas the abject Fear of the base Senate

That sacrific'd me to the Rabble's Rage;

For which, to *Volscian* Swords, and *Volscian* Fire,

I'll sacrifice their City and themselves.

Vol. Dar'st thou say this on this high Eminence,

From which thou now behold'st afflicted *Rome*,

Survey'st the awful Temples of our Gods,

That above all of *Capitoline Jove*?

Methinks I hear him from his sacred Hill

Speaking in Thunder thus; Have I decreed

That *Rome* should be my great Vicegerent here,

Should terminate its Empire with those bounds

That terminate the World; have I decreed this!

And *Marcus*, thou, dar'st thou attempt its Ruin?

And as he utters this in dreadful Tone,

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Methinks I see him o'er his sacred Temple,
Lifting above the Clouds his awful Head,
And rolling in his Red Right Hand the Thunder.

Cor. That *Rome* should be the Mistress of the Universe,
By Sovereign Justice ne'er could be decreed;
That Revelation's but a pious Fraud,
Invented first by *Rome's* ambitious Chiefs,
To sanctify their hourly Usurpations,
And make Injustice wear Religion's Mask.

Vol. Oh impious!

Cor. The Wills of Gods eternal are, like them;
And nought by Gods to Men can be reveal'd
That contradicts their great Original Will,
That contradicts great Nature's sacred Laws,
Those sacred Laws of just, and right, and fit,
Which the informing Breath of *Jove* at first
Infus'd into our new-created Souls.

Vol. Yet still the Temples of our Gods are there,
Those Gods to whom thou hast so often sacrific'd,
The Gods of thy Fore-fathers. Can'st thou see them,
And impiously dar'st purpose to destroy them!

Cor. 'Tis true, indeed;
There are the Temples, but their Gods are Here:
Their Gods abandon'd *Rome*, when *Marcus* left it;
And above all, the God they most adore,
Great *Mars*, the Father of their boasted Founder,
With me he went t' inhabit *Kaliscian* Land,
With me he marches all the toilsome Day,
With me he all the watchful Night encamps;
See where he marks his Way with Fire and Blood,
To scourge th' ungrateful *Romans*!

Vol. What hast thou said? Thy Voice has Daggers,
Marcus,
And thou a cruel unrelenting Soul.
Ten thousand Widows, and as many Orphans
Already has thy dreadful Vengeance made;
Destroy'd their Substance all with Hostile Fire,
And now they wander helpless, friendless, comfortless,
And

And fill the Air with Cries and Lamentations,
Enough to pierce the Hearts of Gods and Men.

Cor. Thanks to their Tribunes, and their noble Senate.

Vol. From hence thou seest the Temples of our Gods:

Oh could thy Eyes but pierce the sacred Walls,
And shew thee the wild Horror that's within,
The dismal sight would break thy cruel Heart.
Prostrate before each unrelenting God,
Thou would'st behold old venerable Age,
And helpless Infancy, and holy Matrons,
And Virgins wither'd in their Bloom with Sorrow;
All fainting, swooning, dying with the fear
Of what may fall to-morrow.

Virg. Oh Gods, his Eyes their Firmness still maintain,
And we are lost for ever.

Vol. Yet hast thou made thy Mother and thy Wife
More wretched than the miserablest *Roman*;
As thou'rt the Cause of all this Desolation,
A Cause that we can neither hate nor curse,
Nor pray for thy Defeat; the rest can pray,
And they who cannot pray, yet dare to hope,
And they who dare not hope, yet dare to wish,
And still are happy in th' extreamest Line.
But we can neither pray, nor hope, nor wish;
What can we wish for? for our Country's Triumph?
That is, alas, to wish for thy Destruction:
Or for thy Victory? Oh that's our Country's Ruin!

Cor. I cannot, must not any longer hear you.

Vol. A little more, and I have done for ever:
Th' Ingratitude of *Rome* provokes thy Wrath
To such a height, that nought but its Destruction
Can satisfy thy thirst of dire Revenge;
And yet was e'er Ingratitude like thine?

Cor. Ingratitude? To whom?

Vol. To whom, but me? to me, who gave thee Life,
By whom thou cam'st into the World a *Roman*,
Who took peculiar care t' instruct thy Childhood,
T' instruct thy Youth in every gen'rous Art;

Who form'd thy growing Limbs to Martial Strength,
 And steel'd thy Breast with Fortitude Divine,
 Contempt of Danger, and contempt of Death,
 Inflam'd thy Breast with thy dear Country's Love,
 Love of great Actions and eternal Fame;
 And who distinguish'd thee from other *Romans*,
 As much as they're distinguish'd by the Gods
 From all th' inferior Nations who surround them.
 Now in requital of these matchless Benefits,
 Ungrateful *Marcus* murders me.

Cor. What means my Mother?

Vol. And can'st thou ask? And art thou then to know
 That 'tis the Maxim of each *Roman* Matron,
 That when she can no longer live with Honour,
 Great *Jove* aloud calls out to her to die:
 And can I longer live with Honour? No;
 If thou go'st on with thy curs'd Enterprize,
 Death or eternal Infamy's my choice.
 For I must either live to see my Country
 In its last Pangs, and hear its dying Groans,
 While thou, my Child, art the detested Cause,
 The Subject of its frightful Imprecations;
 Or live to see thee dragg'd thro' *Roman* Streets,
 A dreadful Spectacle to Gods and Men,
 And doom'd to die the most accursed Death
 Of Traytors and of Parricides.

Therefore thou either must desist, or kill me;
 This very moment thou must kill me, *Marcus*;
 Here, here's the Dagger, but thou giv'st the Blow;
 Yes, thou must pass o'er Her who gave thee Life,
 Before thou stir'st one Step t' assault thy Country.

Cor. What would, at last, my Mother have me do?
 Must I be banish'd by the *Volscians* too?
 But justly banish'd, banish'd as a Traytor?
 Must I betray my Benefactors then?
 Must I betray th' important Trust repos'd in me?
 And so become the Out-cast of all Nations?

Vol.

Vol. I would not have thee do a shameful thing,
But love thy Glory equal with my Life;
No; reconcile the jarring Nations only.

Cor. That's to betray them: They resolve on Conquest,
And will be satisfy'd with nought but Empire,
At least with Restitution of the Lands
The *Romans* so unjustly have usurp'd from them;
That was the Treaty which *Menenius* sign'd,
And which *Rome* afterwards refus'd to ratify.
If without that Condition I desist,
How can I e'er behold *Aufidius* more?
Or with what Eyes regard the *Volscian* Lords?
Or from the *Volscian* People what expect
But Infamy and Ruin? [more,

Virg. The Gods forbid, thou e'er should'st see them
No: *Rome*, repenting of its barb'rous Usage,
Has with one Voice repeal'd its cruel Sentence.
To *Rome* with me thou surely shalt return.

Cor. And how can I behold afflicted *Rome*,
Or how can *Rome* behold me?
Me, who have laid its Territories waste,
Destroy'd its Cities with consuming Fire,
And made ten thousand of its bleeding Sons
Feel my remorseless Sword's devouring Edge.
If I was banish'd when I fought and conquer'd for
them,

What can I now expect but certain Death
From its tumultous, feeble, faithless Tribunes?
Not only my Revenge, my Preservation
Requires that *Rome* should fall. Can you desire
Your Son should die to save his mortal Foes?
No: Perish, perish this ungrateful City!

Vol. Dye then, *Volumnia*: But, before I die,
Thus, thus the Mother falls at the Son's Feet,
Not to ask any Pity for her self,
But Mercy, Mercy, for her sinking Country.
Down, Ladies, down.

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Cor. Oh, the confusion of my tortur'd Soul!

Vol. Pronounce *Rome* safe, or I am fall'n for ever.

Cor. Ye Gods, ye Gods! live *Rome*, and *Marcus* die first.

Oh, rise, my Mother; you and *Rome* have conquer'd;
But your unhappy Son's for ever lost.

Hoa! Who waits there?

Give Orders that the Troops return tow'rd *Antium*,
And tell *Aufidius* I expect him here.

The Troops march back towards *Antium*, where must
I go?

Virg. Once more with us to *Rome* thou shalt return.
Thy Apprehensions to the Winds deliver.

Our *Romans* will regard thee as a God,
For shewing Mercy to thy bleeding Country,
After such mortal Provocations giv'n
By black Ingratitude, and base Injustice.

Vol. Thou hast done a Godlike Deed, and supreme
Jove,

And ev'ry God who sees it, will reward it.

Virg. Thou'st rais'd up a whole miserable People,
All in a moment, from Despair to Rapture.

Vol. Oh, the transporting Joy that we shall meet
At our Return in ev'ry Voice and Eye!

Virg. Our greatest Conquerors were ne'er receiv'd
With half the Joy, with half the Acclamations!

Vol. Then what must our tempestuous Raptures be!
Oh, we are happy as the Deathless Gods!
Nor shall our Triumph be confin'd to *Rome*,
Or the short Time we live.

Virg. No: o'er the Universe its Fame shall spread.

Vol. Nations unborn, and Languages unform'd
Shall tell the blissful Tale, and bless the Actors.
Yes, with Immortal Bliss, Immortal Fame——

Virg. And everlasting Love we shall be crown'd.
Blest with the long Possession of my *Marcus*,
I ne'er till Death will part with him again.

Cor. Here cease your Transports. See, *Aufidius* comes:
Please

Please to retire to yonder Tent a while,
For I must take a long but fair Adieu, [Ex. Women.

Enter Aufidius.

Tullus Aufidius. Ha!

Why dost thou greet me with this alter'd Countenance,
This silent Wonder in thy wrathful Eyes?

Auf. Just now a Slave brought Orders to the Troops
That they should backward turn their March to Antium;
And impudently said he came from you.

Cor. 'Tis true, I sent him.

Auf. Then, Caius Marcius, you have done much
Wrong

To me, and all the Volscians.

Cor. O Tullus, Tullus, hadst thou but been by
To hear the piercing things that mov'd my Soul,
Thou wouldst have sworn they might engage even
Your

To change his high Decrees.

Auf. Your Mother and your Wife we know have
done this.

Cor. The noblest Mother, and the tender'st Wife!

Auf. Yes, they are dear Relations, I confess,
And 'tis for them you set at Scorn the Gods,
By whom so solemnly you swore.

Cor. Unlawful Oaths are in themselves invalid.
And is it lawful to destroy my Country?

Auf. No, not your Country, but your mortal Foes;
And so the Romans, by their barb'rous Usage,
You said were grown: You said, and spoke the Truth;
And this is but a poor and mean Evasion,
And you must answer 't to th' Avenging Gods,
By whom you swore with bitter Imprecations.

Cor. Then I will answer it; let that suffice;
And to the Gods alone I'll be accountable.

Auf. Yes, I dare trust them, soon they will revenge
The Wrong that's done to their Almighty Powers:
But you must answer your Offence to me.

Cor. To you!

Auf.

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Auf. To me, ungrateful Man.

Who took you in, with open Arms, but I,
A supplicating Exil and a Vagabond,
Fallen below Pity, nay below Contempt?
Who gave his Honour to the *Volscian* Lords,
That you inviolably should be theirs?
And rais'd you up to more than former Glory,
And even to envied Greatness, to the Power
Of taking a Revenge as ample as thy Wish?
Now what's the great Return you make for this?

Cor. Such a Return as none but I could make;
Such a Return as, not ten Days ago,
Would have been Phrensy in the proudest *Volscian*
To hope, or to expect.

I infus'd Spirit thro' your abject Troops,
Gave them a Taste of Deathless Victory,
First shew'd them that the *Romans* can be conquer'd:
Compell'd my Countrymen to sue for Peace,
And sign an ignominious Treaty with you;
The same Conditions which *Menenius* brought;
Shameful for them, but glorious to your Troops,
And advantagious to the *Volscian* State.

Auf. Name not the faithless Treaty, that condemns
you;

For to what serves it, but to give *Rome* Breath
To recollect her self, and pour Revenge
Into the very Heart of *Volscian* Land?
Doing no more, thou hast done less than nothing,
But rankled and envenom'd more a Foe
Too much provok'd by cursed Pride before.

Cor. How selfish Men stalk under public Zeal
To their base Ends! Before this Peace was granted
Thou wert not satisfy'd, but to thy Followers
Thou breath'dst, in Corners, sullen Discontent.
Then I went on too fast, and too precipitate,
And left whole Fortresses and Towns behind me,
With an Intention to betray the *Volscians*,
By cutting off their Intercourse with *Antium*.
'Tis not too little, but too much Success, That

That thus provokes the great *Aufidius*' Envy.

Auf. Envy a Traytor and a Parricide!

Cor. Thou say'st that I have Obligations to thee;
To them thou owest that thou speak'st this, and liv'st.
Yes, take thy Life; *Jove* gave it thee at first,
I give it now; and now I owe thee nothing.

Auf. My Life from you! First have it in your Power.

Cor. Thou know'st, *Aufidius*, 'tis much harder for me
To say I'll kill thee, than to strike the Blow.
Twelve times, thou know'st, when I advanc'd my
Sword

The Destinies advanc'd their fatal Sheers,
And nought but ignominious Flight could save thee.

Auf. And canst thou think thou art the Man thou
wer't,

When thou retain'dst thy Honour and thy Virtue?

Cor. Both Gods and Men, with one Consent, proclaim
That *Marcus* is the Man he always was;

His Honour and his Virtue still the same:
And therefore the Immortal Powers assist me,
And Fortune is my Friend and my Confed'rate,
And whatsoever Side I chuse, for that declares.

'Tis I that made my soaring Country stoop,
That never stoop'd before; and when they su'd
For Peace, to me they supplicating su'd;
And took no Notice of the Great *Aufidius*.

Now try the Voices of thy Countrymen;
I gave them Orders to march back to *Antium*,
See then if thou can'st lead them on to *Rome*.

Auf. Too well I am convinc'd thou hast seduc'd,
By cursed Flattery, and by shameful Arts,
My Followers, my Soldiers, and my Friends.

Cor. 'Tis likely I should stoop to flatter *Volscians*,
Who ne'er could bow my Nature to Compliance
Even with my Country's mean and abject Customs.
'Twas my Authority alone seduc'd them,
Authority from Deathless Actions drawn,
And from my Triumphs o'er their baffled Leader.

Auf.

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Auf. Oh, they must needs admire the wondrous Man,
Who for some certain Drops of Womens Rheum,
That are as cheap as Lies, betray'd and sold
The Labour of their Noble Enterprize,
Their Interest, and their Glory. [Nature,

Cor. Thus far I've struggling curb'd my impatient
But on thy Life no more; for, by great *Mars*——

Auf. Name not the God, thou Boy of Tears.

Cor. Nay then ——

Auf. Upon this Spot retract thy injurious Order,
Or thou shalt seal it with thy Blood, or mine.

Cor. Then take thy Wish.

This Boy, that, like an Eagle in a Dove-Court,
Flutter'd a thousand *Volsians* in *Corioli*,
And did it without Second or Assistance,
Thus sends their mighty Chief to rail in Hell.

[Fight, *Aufid.* falls.

Auf. O *Marcus*! thou hast conquer'd, and *Aufidius*
Is now but Dust; but, with my flowing Blood,
My Frantic Passion cools; forgive me, *Marcus*,
That I thus far provok'd thy noble Nature:
And I, to merit thy Forgiveness, tell thee
That thou, like me, art in the Shades of Death,
And soon wilt follow me, unless thou — Oh! [Dies.

Cor. Hail! and eternally Farewell, brave *Tullus*!
But what's the Caution Death thus interrupted?
Thou soon shalt follow me, unless thou — what?
Oh! here's the Explication of th' *Ænigma*.

Enter three of the Tribunes, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Trib.* Where is our General?

Cor. There.

1 *Trib.* What Wretch's Hand has done this cursed
Deed?

Cor. A Wretch whose Hand's sinur'd to *Volsian* Blood.
Then love thy-self, and vanish. Go, be gone,
Provoke him not.

1 *Trib.* Provoke the Villain!

I come not only to provoke but kill him.

Cor.

Cor. If thou hast Power to kill him, he'll engage
To own that he's a Villain. This to try. [*Kills him.*
So, for all thee I still am very Honest.

2 Trib. Our fourth Man either loyters, or betrays us.
Let us strike home, and let us strike together.
We will revenge our General and our Friend.
What, do you recoil?

Cor. Yes, like a Martial Engine, to advance
With certain Execution. Lie thou there.

[*Kills the second. Women shriek behind the Scenes.*
Enter fourth Tribune.

Vol. and Vir. Behind, Oh, look behind.

Cor. The Women see and shriek. I must dispatch.
These two are Victims to my just Resentment,
Fall thou a Sacrifice to *Tullus*' Ghost

[*Kills the 3d Trib. and the 4th runs him thro' the Back.*

4 Trib. Now falls the Sacrifice which most will please
him. [*Loud Sbriek.*

Cor. No, treacherous Villain, I have Life remaining
To send thee to the under World before me,
And thou shalt be the Lacquey of my Fate.
Fly, Dog, and tell *Aufidius* that I come. [*Falls.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

Vol. Alas, my Son, my Son!

Vir. My dearest Lord!

Ah, Gods, the Blood runs streaming from his Wound!
He bleeds to Death! and is no Succour nigh?
Haste, fly for help.

Cor. All Help is vain, for we must part, *Virgilia.*

Vir. No, we must not; there's not a God in Heaven
So cruel to decree me quite so wretched.

Cor. My Blood and Life are at the lowest Ebb.

Vir. Ah, now I see a Sight that will distract me,
And dread the utmost Malice of my Fate;
For the first time my *Marcus* now turns pale.

Vol. Yet looks undaunted still.

Cor. Mother, farewell. Nay, if you weep! —

Vol. 'Tis I have only Cause, 'tis I have done this.

Thy

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Thy filial Piety has been thy Fate;
And I have kill'd my Son.

Cor. You have sav'd your Country.

Vol. What's my Country now,
To me a Widow, helpless, childless, comfortless?

Cor. My everlasting Fame be now your Son,
And your own Deathless Glory be your Husband.

Where-ever *Roman* Annals shall be read,
The Godlike Action you have done this Day

To endless Ages will transmit your Name,
And all the Good eternally will bless you.

Be it your Care to comfort poor *Virgilia*.

Vir. Is this the Happiness that I expected?
Now first I hop'd to have thee mine entirely,
Inseparably mine, and now we part,
For ever part. And must we? No, we will not;
For when thou go'st *Virgilia* will not stay.

Cor. *Virgilia*, let me die as I have liv'd,
And, like a *Roman*, view the Tyrant Death,
With Scorn, as I have always done in Battle.
Thy Grief alone can make him formidable,
One parting Kiss; a long, a long Farewell. [*Dies.*

Vir. He's gone, he's gone, and I no more must see
him!

No more must dwell upon his charming Tongue,
And hang on his enchanting Lips no more.
And thou prophetic Vision of the Night,
And ye the dire Forebodings of my Soul,
All, all is come to pass. See here he lies:
Ay, here he lies, surpriz'd, surrounded, murder'd.

Vol. Yet in his Fall he still is *Coriolanus*,
Himself alone a Conqueror o'er Numbers;
Himself the dread Revenger of his Murder.
But the just Gods require an ampler Vengeance,
For their lov'd Heroe's Death. Even now the Years
Come crouding on, for so the Gods inspire me,
When *Rome* shall all the Land around possess,
And even the Name of *Volscian* be no more. [*Shout.*

Enter

Enter Cominius, Menenius and Attendants.

My Lords *Cominius* and *Menenius* here!

Com. We came with fresh Instructions from the Senate,

And larger Offers still of shameful Peace,
But find the *Volsicians* fled in wild Confusion,
And panic Fright, for so our Hinds inform us;
Upon what wondrous Accident they know not.

Vol. See there the Cause;

See where their mighty Chief, *Aufidius*, lies.

Men. And, Oh! see *Marcus* pale in Blood beside him.

Com. What provok'd Death to make this dismal Havock!

Vol. That Question must redouble all my Grievs:

I was the fatal, I the only Cause.

Com. You?

Vol. I, on my Son, prevail'd at length for Mercy;
Which caus'd *Aufidius* Rage, and all their Fates.

Com. O Death! thou hast a costly Conquest made,
And wasted all at once, like foolish Spendthrifts,
The Soil that would have brought thee many a plenteous Harvest.

Tho' *Marcus* fill'd his Country with Confusion,
Which still lies struggling in Convulsive Pangs,
He shall not pass unprais'd nor unlamented:
For 'twas thy Fate in Death, as in thy Life,
To be thy Country's Champion and Deliverer.

In solemn, slow Procession let us march,
And bear the sad Remains of him to *Rome*,
Where pompous Rites of Funeral shall be paid them.
Where, Ladies, you who have thus nobly sav'd
Your Country, shall receive immortal Honours.
But they who thro' Ambition, or Revenge,
Or impious Int'rest, join with foreign Foes,
T' invade or to betray their Native Country,
Shall find, like *Coriolanus*, soon or late,
From their perfidious Foreign Friends their Fate.

F I N I S.

